Εὐχόδια.

Or,

A PRAYER-SONG:

BEING

Sacred Poems

ON THE

HISTORY,

OF THE

BIRTH and PASSION

OF OUR

Blessed SAVIOUR;

And severall other choice Texts of *SCRIPTURE.*

In two *Parts.*

By *Daniel Cudmore*, Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. C.* for *William Ley* in *Paul's* Chain. 1657.

Lo: Printed by I: C: for William Ley at Pauls Chayne. 1633

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To his honoured Friend

HENRY WORTH Esq;.

Sir,

IN *Italy* they have a Proverb, that *Paper bluſheth not:* intimating thereby I ſuppoſe, that what we are aſhamed perhaps to tender in perſon, the pale meſſenger of an *Epiſtle* will not bluſh to preſent. On theſe terms it is, that (having uſurp'd your Name in this Dedication, and being more happy (if in either) in my Pen then Tongue, (and ſo more obliged to the *Printer* then to *Nature*) I beg your pardon and acceptance. I am not ignorant what cenſures I ſhall incur in this adventure; *viz.* that the foundation indeed is good, as being portions of Scripture; but the ſuperſtructure, *wood, hay, and ſtubble*, as being not ſupplied with materials from thoſe *Hurams* of Spirit and

Learning; and so rather *apples* of lead, than of *gold, in these pictures of silver*: that what *Socrates* said in modesty of his Works, may be said in earnest of mine, *That the Paper is more worth then the Work.* These Objections, and more than I can anticipate, much less prevent, have pursued me to Sanctuary under the shadow of your *EAGLES* wing, where I doubt neither of acceptance nor safety. Not that I would make your Patronage an *Asylum* for Ignorance, or your Protection a Refuge for inconsiderate Boldness: but that I know your Noble nature to be ever ready to countenance the endeavours, and to protect the studies of Vertue and Honesty; whereof as I shall still endeavour to be a constant embracer, so of you always a true honourer: in token whereof, I humbly devote my self

From my Study in Tiverton *this* of

Your obliged servant,

Daniel Cudmore.

To

To his industrious Friend,

Mr. Daniel Cudmore.

I Dare presume to tell the bold-fac'd Times,
Divinity looks best, thus cloath'd in Rymes.
Of all the Factions that have crept of late
Into the bowels of our whining State,
None's like the Momusites; *for ev'ry one*
Studies to carp, nay scarce lets God alone.
Destroy'd by tongues the tow'r of Babel *lies;*
Heav'n grant we fall not by our Heresies.
Believe me, Friend, thy Labours shew thou art
Indu'd with Wisdom; and thy serious heart
Hath no outragious Faction, but each line
Distil'd from heav'n, tells us that they are thine.
Go on with courage: though Religion lie
Now groaning under sad Deformity,
And at this time bears an Ecliptick stain,
'T will end in conquest, and shine bright again.

Jo. Quarles.

To

To the worthy Author.

Good works are their own praiſers: they that (ſhow
What 'tis to praiſe a work, praiſe what they
I'll tell thee, friend, thy labor was my pain (know.
In reading; and that reading was my gain.
I did not onely reade, but underſtood
What 't was I read; and therefore ſay, 'T is good.
And if my erring judgement have miſtook,
Let the world judge my Judgment, not thy Book.
I'll therefore ſecond what I ſaid before:
'Tis good, I'm ſure 'tis good, and what needs more?

Ric. Harriſon,
Inte. Temp.

To the ingenious Author, upon his Book.

TO praiſe thy work were but to work thy praiſe;
'T is Vertue that thou aimſt at, & not Bays.
Thy Work is thy Encomium; therefore I
Will ſpend no time in Prodigality
Of flatt'ring praiſe: but this in ſhort I'll tell;
I read, I lik'd, I prais'd: and ſo farewel.

Charles Hubburt,
Gr. Inns

The Introduction.

Psal. 90.

17 *Prosper thou the works of our hands upon us; O prosper thou our handy-work.*

LOrd, thou without whose blessing & success,
Our Wits degenerate to Wickedness; (die
Who if thou bidst not Write, *that book may*
In shame, or prove the Author's Tragedie:
Who *David*'s tongue mad'st as a ready pen,
When thee he prais'd the fairest of all men:
O make my pen as ready as his tongue,
In this my Euchodie and Prayer-song:
Refine my Wit, to Wisdom, in this Poem;
Accept the Dedication, speak the Proem.
Let Naaman *love his proud* Damascus *streams,*
And others hug their Heliconian *dreams:*
Those springs alone that flow from Sions *hill*
Shall drench my barren brain, and moist my quill.
But, since all springs inspire not, but befool,
Unless thy Angel of Bethesda's pool

Descend

Deſcend and move them with his healing grace;
Unleſs thy Spirit move upon their face:
Oh would they now deſcend, and ſo baptize
My childiſh fancie in theſe Myſteries:
Then ſhould I ſing thy Birth, as if my breſt
With one of thoſe thy Angels *were poſſeſt*;
And write thy deeds, as if thou hadſt afforded
Me what th' Evangeliſts have not recorded:
So would I wail thy death, that ſome ſhould think
Thy vinegar and gall *my onely Ink*;
My Pen ſhould be ſo tart, that it ſhould tear,
And deeper pierce then did the Souldiers ſpear.
But thou who knew'ſt our weakneſs by the ſenſe
Of a dear-purchaſed experience,
Have pity on my Ignorance, *and daign*
Some ſparks of native wiſdom *here again*;
That in this, men of a judicious head
If not thy Image, *may thy* footſteps *read.*
Yet let not th' earth thus by thy footſteps trod,
Be proud, but ſtill remember 't is a clod;
Leſt it thy praiſes curtal, and abridge
Thee of thy right, by Paper-ſacriledge.

On the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Luke 2.

10 ——— *Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all people.*

11 *For unto us is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*

LEt none hence wonder that the souls vast nature
Is comprehended in so small a stature:
That wonder's crampt, that mirrour here exploded;
For in this child there is compriz'd a *Godhead.*
But stay, do not the heav'ns crouch at his feet,
And beg the honour of a bearing-sheet?
Doth not the *Sun* descend on earth to shine
And take his *Palace*, for a nobler Signe?
Doth not the *Moon*, like some great *maid of honor*,
With all the *troops of stars* attending on her,

Sue for ſome office? No, bleſt Childe, my Muſe
Doth veil her crown, and humbly begs excuſe:
A Quill from th' *Angel's* wing that ſung thy birth,
Were a fit Pen to carol forth our mirth.
Thou didſt deveſt thy ſelf of much more glory,
That thou mightſt clothe us with intranſitory.
The *Sun*'s too weak of luſtre, it would frown
Amongſt the glories of a *Martyr's* crown;
And the dull glory of the azur'd ſtage,
But a poor *Pageant* to their *equipage.*
But may I draw the veil, and not deſerve
T' have one eternal on my viſive nerve?
'Twas not long ſince thy *fiery-pointed eye*
Did ſparkle with conſuming Majeſtie;
And is it all confin'd, compriſed all
Within the circuit of this gellied ball? (*ſouls*
'Twas not long ſince *thou breath'dſt in us our*
And ſince, *thy breath did kindle burning coles:*
And do we dare thy noſtrils? heark, O wonder!
He cries, whom erſt I've heard to *roar in thunder.*
'Twas not long ſince ſuch glory *Moſes* drew
From ſee'ng thy back-parts none his face could view.
And can we ſee thy face? do not, w' implore,
Brandiſh deſtructive glory th'row each pore.
'Twas not long ſince, at thy commanding word,
The world ſprung out of nought, like *Jonah*'s guord
And ſince, at *Sinai*'s mount, did *Iſrael* crie,
Let not the Lord ſpeak to us, leſt we die.

An

And is the *mighty Counſellor* ſo weak;
And *he that gave the tongue*, can he not ſpeak?
And muſt their glories all be underſtood
To be wrapt up in humble fleſh and blood?
A Series of wonders! which nor men
Nor *Angels* can nor comprehend nor pen:
Therefore as *Angels* humbly veil at it
Their Wiſdoms crowns, let us our crowns of Wit.
That *Spirit* who conceiv'd thee, *he* can teach
How to conceive a Wonder of this reach:
By him my ſoul a knowledge of thy worth
Brings forth as eaſie as thou wert brought forth.
Hence then let 's fetch our *Epoche*, and call
This bleſſed day the birth-day of us all.
What did our carnal birth boot us? this morn
Redeems us who condemned were ere born.
O might I now, by vertue of thy birth,
Be born anew! 'twould adde to this days mirth;
And th' *Angels who did at thy birth rejoyce,*
At mine in ſinging would lift up their voice.
Bleſt Childe! that *met'ſt the heaven with a ſpan,*
Yet in a ſpan art couch'd; that *doſt contain*
Th' earth in meaſure; Lord, yet 'tis thy pleaſure
To be contained in an earthen meaſure.
The heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain thy grace,
Nor art thou ſtraiten'd in a little place.
Come then, take up my heart, and until death,
O make my breſt thy bleſſed *Nazareth.*

On the murther of the Innocents.

Matth. 2.

16. *Then Herod when he ſaw that he was mock*
ed by the wiſe-men, was exceeding wroth, an
ſent forth, and ſlew all the children that were i
Bethlehem from two yeers old and under, accord
ing to the time which he had diligently enquir
of the wiſe men.

1.

GOod Babes! of whom I may ſay true,
For Chriſt ye did an off'ring fall,
And di'd for *Chriſt*, ere *Chriſt* for you;
Although none could his love foreſtal.
Bleſt Infantry! your *Sov'raign's taſters*
To him of *Herod*'s cup of Malice,
Ere Chriſt to finiſh his diſaſters,
Drank deep and free the final *Chalice.*
Bleſt Innocents! with whom the caſe thus ſtood,
Firſt circumciſed, then baptiz'd in blood.

2.

Sweet *Saplings!* who to ſpell the *Branch*,
Fall ſubject under *Herod*'s rape;
VVhoſe *Bourreauxes* cut and blanch,
And rob you of your juyce and ſap.
You got (*bleſt Cyons*) by this craft;
And you may bleſs curs'd *Herod*'s knife:
Be'ng hence tranſplanted, y' are ingraft,
And bourgeon on the *tree of life*;
Where each *Herodian cicatrice* doth bloom
Like *Aaron*'s *rod*: ſo may you bleſs your doom.

3.

Curs'd *Fox!* Hell with thy brains did club,
Thus needleſly to back thy claim:
But could not blinde rage ſpare thy *Cub?*
Muſt he fall too, before thy aim?
Foxes uſe prey abroad, but thou
(Although unwittingly) at home:
Ambitious madneſs asks not now
Whoſe 't is thou prey'ſt upon, or whom.
Juſt! ſince thou haſt *no bowels*, that thy ſon
Should fall amongſt the reſt a ſlaughter'd one.

4.

Thus *Pharaoh* (like our greedy *Hog,
Or of the kennel with this *Fox*)
Who more ador'd *Anubis dog*,
Then the plainness of *Isis ox*,
Once fearing *Israel*'s increase,
Enjoyn'd each one to drown each male,
Till *Isr'el* groaning for release,
Their prayers to their *God* exhale;
Till *he* descends, and in one fatal morn
Slew each Egyptian's, and the King's first-born.

* *The Arms of* Rich. 3. *who slew his brothers children.*

5.

But *you* whose doctrine, like the crabs,
Swims backward 'gainst the stream of Truth;
Speak, In what *Lymbus* are these babes,
Or all the *Isra'litish* youth?
Say, In what fold of *Purgatory*,
Purg'd in what streams of fire or water,
Are these *Lambs* whom this *Fox* did worry,
Or *dog* slew? what can fancy flatter?
Name me what *canonized Saint and Martyr*
Annex'd this truth unto the Scriptures Charter.

6.

6.

Peace, *Rachel*, peace ; do not deplore
The murther of thy children, *ſeeing*
They're not ; yet are they not no more,
And than thou gav'ſt have better being :
VVeep not thy buds ſo ſoon do bleed
Almoſt, as thou didſt them diſcloſe ;
They ſhould have grown here amongſt weed,
Now flouriſh with their *Jeſſe's roſe.*
Let *Herod* grieve for his ſon's death, and weep ;
Thou haſt no cauſe ; then do not ſigh ſo deep.

On *John* the Baptiſt's being beheaded.

Mark 6.

27 *And immediately Herod the king ſent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought : and he went, and beheaded him in the priſon,*

28 *And brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel, and the damsel gave it to her mother.*

1.

THrice-happie *morning-star*, that didst fore-run
The *Sun of righteousness* his neer approach;
As that *Postilion* precedes the Sun,
And ushers to the world his glorious Coach.
Blest Prodrom! who by th'art of *Philip*'s wife
Didst *Christ* fore-run in death, as well as life.

2.

Thrice-happie *Jacob's Shiloh's Prolocutor!*
Blest *Mercury* to *Jacob*'s *glorious Star*;
Our *Saviour's Harbinger*, the *Gentiles* Tutor,
To shew their *expectation* was not far;
Who in a purer stream then *Jordan*'s flood,
At last baptiz'd thy Baptism with thy blood.

3.

Curst *Herod!* who, as *John Elijah*'s spirit
Had by a gracious influence bequeath'd;
So thou, as by possession, didst inherit
Thy father's rage, which here on *John* was breath'd.
Hadst thou no *Trophee* to adorn thy birth,
But th' *Baptist*'s head? no triumph but such mirth?

4.

4.

loody *Herodias* ! that wert ſo rough,
ſo recompenſe *Iohn*'s zeal with ſuch requitals ?
Vas not thy *Muſick* ſpirited enough.
Not joyn'd in conſort with the *Baptiſt*'s vitals ?
Never was *Muſick* of ſo groſs a crime
Arraigned guilty, ſince old *Iubal*'s time.

5.

ile Wretch ! who thus wouldſt make raſh *Herod*'s (oath
Pander to a hot inceſt'ous Bed :
either did *Thomyris* that famous *Goth*,
s thou on *Iohn*'s, inſult on *Cyrus* head.
Vile Monſter ! thus to nuſtle up thy daughter,
Ev'n from her tender yeers, to blood & ſlaughter.

6.

retch'd Damſel ! thou whoſe too too active feet
ere onely *ſwift to ſhed the harmleſs blood*
th' innocent : ev'n ſo a dancing Fleet
aits for her prey, while 't wantons on the flood.
Ev'n ſo a Hawk doth quaver in the air,
Before ſhe ſouſe : ſo danc'd thy wicked pair.

7.

ſt *Iohn !* as was *Elijah*, ſo wert thou
o a wilderneſs by fury baniſh'd ;
h forc'd by women, both purſu'd by vow,
ough both not in a fiery Chariot vaniſh'd.
Yet herein thou an equal ſhare mayſt plead ;
Th' art member'd to a far more *glorious Head.*

8.

8.

Good God! how are we honour'd! that as *John*
Fore-ran to fit Christ's way before his face;
Ev'n so our Saviour, thy blessed Son,
Prepares our way, and fits our resting place:
O let's succeed, where we shall be no other
Then joynt-heirs with thy Son our *elder broth*

On the woman of Canaan.

Matth. 25.

28 *Then Jesus answered and said unto* [illegible]
O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee [illegible]
as thou wilt. And her daughter was made w[illegible]
from that very hour.

1.

GOod-woman! who couldst thus not only b[illegible]
A stern disdainful loo[illegible]
But the disciples wrath, who held thy suit
Some clamorous pursuit
As who would give no answer to a Cur,
But with a staff or spur

Nay, though that *Christ* retorted thy *Lord help*,
With no relief but *Whelp*,
And whom thou hop'dst thy *Advocate*, we read,
Did thus against thee plead:
How heldst thou his denials of thy want
A prologue to a grant?
As if repulse were the propos'd condition
To faith, before admission.
How by thy constancie was he esteem'd
Then most propitious, when he fartherst seem'd?

2.

When he seem'd deaf, how thy importun'd prayer
To musick tun'd the ayr,
And with ingeminated violence,
Monopoliz'd his sence?
And when he seem'd to thee no less then dumb,
How for thy faithful crumb,
He having with his *bread* supply'd thy cause,
Dismiss'd thee with applause.
Denials made not thy affections froward,
Nor yet thy zeal a coward. (view,
Thy quick-ey'd faith, smiles through *his* frowns did
And through *his* wrath love knew:
through *his* threats an invitation saw,
Which by repulse did draw,
And in the sharp reproaches he avouch'd,
Discern'd a welcome couch'd.

Let

Let others hope of Force, and boaſt of Fortune;
When they ſhall fail, I gain when I importune.

3.

But how is *Chriſt*, but now ſo much eſtranged,
Now all to mercy changed?
And thou, at firſt a *dog*, art now inrol'd
One of his *flock* and *fold*.
For Faith's the mark by which his ſheep are know
And ſuch ſaid he's thine own.
Ev'n ſo wiſe *Ioſeph* held the *ten* for *Spies*,
Though brethren in his eyes
And *Benjamin*, whom he reputed chief,
Purſu'd was for a thief
But when he was diſclos'd, each threat of his
Is changed to a kiſs;
And for his late experimental check,
Wept on his brothers neck.
So as we ought to fear God's hand that favours
Of peace, and ſuch-like favours
So ought we not deſpair: God oft doth frown,
And ſeems then ſtrange, when *he* intends to crow

4.

Lord, what ſhe here would for her daughter hav
I for my *ſiſter* crave:
I for my ſoul, and ſhe, the better *I*,
Doth for her body vie.

That thou wouldſt diſpoſſeſs my *haunted twins*
Of *legions* of ſins;
Which though perhaps not *devils*, yet the ſpawns
Which here *their father* pawns.
I'll not pray, *If thou canſt*; for, Lord, I know it,
I know well thou canſt do it:
Although with *him* I'll pray, with tears and grief,
Lord help my unbelief.
Come, purge thy Temple; let it not thus ſtink
Like to a noyſom ſink.
Lord, if thou wilt not hear me, I will force
Thy mercy for remorſe.
The *unjuſt judge at length did hear her ſute*;
Why then 's *the Judge of all the world* ſo mute?

On the man heal'd at the pool of *Bethesda.*

John 5.

5. *And a certain man was there, who had an infirmity thirty eight yeers.*

6. *When*

6 When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

7 The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man when the water is troubled to put me into the pool; but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.

8 Jesus saith unto him, Arise, take up thy bed and walk.

9 And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed and walked.

1.

As one long wind-bound in the *Cape of hope*,
Until his gales
Kinde *Æolus* exhales,
Bans the too faithful Cable-rope,
And th' Anchors, which of Hope true *emblems* are
To him occasion matter of despair:

2.

So lay thy patience at *Bethesda*'s pool,
The soul so waits,
Till death-divorcing straits
Shall waft her hence. So in a School,
A full-ag'd youth, more ripe then rich, waits long
Till watted thence to th' *Academick* throng.

3.

Tyde did ſerve thee often to thy will,
By th' Angel mov'd,
Not by the Moon improv'd:
But gales of Love were wanting ſtill,
launch thee forth. So, far from Shore or Tyde,
ſeen a ſhip lie on her uſeleſs ſide.

4.

who would not than thee much longer wait,
If thus aſſur'd
By Chriſt he ſhould be cur'd?
And count all Phyſick but deceit.
vertue of this pool's not worth thy ſtrife,
mpar'd with Chriſt the Well, and Well of life.

5.

who with *Lazarus* would not ſuſtain
The pangs of death,
Ev'n to their utmoſt breath,
So by Chriſt to be rais'd again?
ch more with thee who would not wait a time,
th faithful patience, to be heal'd by him?

6.

d, thus I well remember, when infected,
Expecting ſtill
Aid from the Doctor's ſtill,
Which yet in vain I long expected:
t evermore ſome paſſage intervenes,
d robs me of my hope of outward means.

8.

While thus I lay like an *expoſed elf*,
While death upbraids
My hope of future aids,
My *beſt Phyſician* came himſelf.
Thus if thou come, let other Doctors ſtay,
And I will fee them after for delay.

9.

Lord, when my heart 's thus *troubled* by thy *Spir*
Thy *South* nor *North*
Can hardly launch me forth;
Neither thy love nor wrath can ſtir it.
I 'm anchor'd to the world: but call the rocks,
They 'll come; but I ſtick faſt in leaden ſocks.

On the Prodigal.

Luke 15.

20 *And he aroſe, and came to his father: a*
when he was yet a great way off, his father ſ
him, and had compaſſion, and ran and fell on
neck, and kiſſed him.

21. *And the ſon ſaid unto him, Father, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and in thy ſight, and am no more worthy to be called thy ſon.*

1.

FOol-hardy *Prodigal!* what, couldſt not brook
The diſc'pline of thy father's houſe,
But wander'dſt like *the errant ſpouſe*,
Ev'n as a ſheep that hath her fold forſook,
Among the vagrant goats to brouze,
From the tuition of her ſhepherds crook:
VVhen in a ragged fleece,
Each briar having ſnatch'd a peece,
It's found and welcom'd as *his Child or Neece*.

2.

Thus didſt thou rove & rome, thus wert thou errant,
Thus didſt thou from thy Father range,
And leftſt his Palace from ſome grange;
Thus thou embrac'dſt a ſtranger for thy Parent;
Thy Native Land leftſt for one ſtrange,
Till Death arreſts thee with a meagre warrant.
No *Confeſſor* or *Flamine*,
So can reduce, check or examine,
Like th' *Inquiſition* of exacting famine.

3.

Thy wine is turn'd to tears, thy robes to rags:
Thy Father did not get thy Portion
By griping us'ry or extortion;
That's not the cause th' hast lavisht out thy bags,
Yet he wo'n't count thee an abortion,
Though his love draw thee not, but famine drags.
Thy cates are turn'd to husks,
To ordure thy Odours and Musks,
Thy Songs to whines, thy greets to churlish tusks.

4.

Let these inducements thy return constrain:
So *Jacob* kissed his lost son,
And *David* wandring *Absolon*;
So *Mary* having often sought in vain,
Found and embrac'd her *holy One*,
As thou shalt be when thou returnst again.
The longing Soul of *Kish*
Ne'r did for *Saul* more strongly wish,
Nor welcome him with a more joyful dish.

5.

'Twill be a *Resurrection*, no return.
So *Abraham* took his son repriev'd,
The *Shunamite* so hers reviv'd,
As thou shalt be receiv'd as from thy urn;
So *Naim*'s widow took retriv'd
Her sons life, when Christ did his death adjourn

Dead *Lazarus* but kept
His grave four dayes, as *Martha* wept;
But thou haſt many yeers in darkneſs ſlept.

6.

Should any one thy Father now inform
Of a third brothers happy birth,
It would adminiſter leſs mirth,
Than that th' art regular, late ſo enorm:
So *Jacob* bleſt that happy dearth,
As he this famine. Let thy Brother ſtorm:
Think why, where, what thou ſerveſt:
Death here's thy wages, for thou ſtarveſt;
Think on thy Fathers mercies, and his harveſts.

7.

'Gainſt heav'n and in thy ſight I ſin have wrought;
In ſuch a Di'lect couch thy ſhrift;
Say, of thy patrimonial gift,
I've not *one talent in a napkin* brought;
Not one to teſtifie my thrift:
Then weep the meaning of each lab'ring thought:
Say, thy dejected Spirit
Counts thee not of ſuch worth and merit,
To ſerve him, and much leſs, much leſs t' inherit.

8.

Lord, I 'm a prodigal, far worse then this:
When he away but once did rome
Thou (we ne'er read) invit'dst him home;
But thou hast often woo'd me with a *Kiss*,
Yet how unwillingly I come!
Then threatst me with *a dearth* far worse then his:
Yet I had rather whine,
Then sing, attend and feed with swine;
Then with the Lamb to sup, with thee to dine.

On the Woman taken in Adultery.

John 8.

3 *And the Scribes and Pharisees brought unto him, a woman taken in adultery; and when they had set her in the midst,*

4 *They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken*

aken in adultery, in the very act.

5 Now Moſes in the law commanded us that ſuch ſhould be ſtoned: but what ſayeſt thou?

7 So when they continued asking him, he lift up himſelf, and ſaid unto them, He that is without ſin, let him caſt the firſt ſtone at her.

1.

(Pander

VIle *Phar'ſees!* who would make *Chriſt*'s truth the
T' accuſe *him* but with a more ſpecious ſlander.
His *Statute-book* hath no ſuch *Law*
Which doth vice both indulge and awe;
Nor made *Law* of that kinde,
Which both doth *looſe and binde:*
Though your *Law* asks
Egyptian tasks,
Which you will not ſo much
As with one finger touch.
His *Juſtice* is too ſtrict a *Martial,*
Which is to ſin nor fond nor partial.
nd ſince man is too weak to ſatisfie
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eglect of truth and love, are greater ſins;
Which ere digeſted into fact
He ſees, and much more in the act.

Look how the womans luſt
Chriſt's mercy writes in duſt,
Which the next winde
Blows out of minde,
And yet, whate'er you claim,
Your malice doth but aim
To ſtone our *Saviour* in ſteed
Of the adulteress, for the deed.
And though you for her ſin do *Law* enforce,
Your ſpiritual adultery is worſe.

3.

Your zeal may with her luſt go hand in hand;
Both kindled were at one infernal brand.
Your zeal 's a particle of light
Sprung from the gloomy Prince of night,
When *in an Angel's ſhape*
Of light, he acts a rape.
Your zeal is baud
T' envie and fraud,
As her Concupiſcence
Was baud to this offence.
'T is not true zeal, but hot-brain'd zanie,
Which views each fault, ſquints through each crann
To carp at others failings, but ſtill dallies
With her own ſelf, nor ſees her craft and malice.

4.

Although ſome blaſphemouſly dare diſtruſt
Chriſt's mother 's honour, *he* 's no friend to luſt

With Harlots though he eats and drinks,
He at their ſin connives nor winks.
There 's nothing now obſcene
In *Mary Magdalens*.
Hell well enough
Knows he 's ſin-proof.
He may touch pitch, yet not
Receive thereby a blot;
And he with ſinners may converſe,
Yet ne'er be tainted by commerce.
And though *Phyſitians* need an *Antidote*
Ere they to ſick-men go, *he* wants them not.

5.

Ev'n ſo would partial *Judah Tamar* ſtone,
Till Shame retarded Reſolution:
The *Serpent*, while he would implead
Thus *Eve*, receives a *bruiſed head*.
As hiſt by guilt and blame,
Ye drop away for ſhame.
Seth's pillar ſtood
So, when the flood,
Wherein it late was drown'd,
Was now departed round.
As ſtands the woman thus alone,
While you convicted all are gone;
Ev'n ſo ſtood weeping *Niobe*, when all
Her hopeful ſons did by *Apollo* fall.

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While you convicted all are gone;
Ev'n so stood weeping *Niobe*, when all
Her hopeful sons did by *Apollo* fall.

6.

Th' art free, as if thy ſin were ne'er committed;
Free as *Suſanna*, by that *Childe* acquitted:
Th' art clear and clean from this offence,
White as *Suſanna*'s innocence:
And ſuch as hers I dare
Say thy Accuſers are:
Both *Law* inforce,
Without remorſe:
As they were hurried thence,
So theſe, by Conſcience:
Both out of malice, not true zeal,
For ſentence unto *Law* appeal.
Th' art clear'd by *him* whom thou haſt *griev'd alone*;
And who dares mention what thou ill haſt done?

7.

Her luſt deep, in repentant tears is drench'd
In waters which might *Sodoms* flames hav quench'd.
How bitterly flows from her brain
The former and the later rain!
Not onely for this ſin:
She doth for all begin
To ſigh and ſob,
To groan and throb.
Were thus your malice rins'd,
Y' had not been thus convinc'd.

Her tears your malice may confound;
They shew how deep her *sin is drown'd*
In the Seas depth. Nor doth it need your stones;
Her fist, lo, beats her bosome till it grones.

8.

My soul's the *woman*, Lord, found guilty in
The sin of lust, and in the lust of sin:
And as the devil still conspires
With my affections and desires;
So joyns with Conscience
To aggravate offence:
Both sue for sentence
Against repentance.
Lord, at one word of thine,
Their malice will decline.
No *Ottacus* on thy acquittance,
Will to thy court sue for admittance.
From sin and guilt thus cleared when I die,
I shall stand free, and *none but thee and I.*

On *Mary Magdalene.*

Matth. 26.

6 *Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper.* 7 *There*

7 *There came unto him a woman having an alabaſter-box of very precious ointment, and powred it on his head as he ſate at meat.*

1.

Bleſt *Mary!* whoſe repentant rheums
Were far more precious then thy *Nard:*
Thy tears nor age nor time conſumes,
Which waſtes and dries the richeſt *Lard.*
Thy *Nard* afforded rich perfumes;
Thy vocal tears each where are heard.
Thy *Nard* which on *Chriſt*'s head did fleet,
Though grateful to him, was leſs ſweet
Then were the tears wherwith thou bath'dſt his feet.

2.

The rich ingredient which thy tears
Gave to thy *Nard*, ſurpaſs'd all alms,
Though of continuance of years:
True tears are of themſelves a balm,
Thy *Nard* foreſtalling both his ears,
Preſents each groan a Mercy-pſalm.
See, he accepts thy love and thee,
Nor doth at all eſteem 't to be,
T'anoint th' *Anointed*, a *Tautologie.*

3.

Do not esteem 't an act uncouth,
False-hearted *Judas*, what she doth.
So *Eli* marked *Hannah* 's mouth,
And with her causlesly was wroth.
So *Boreas* chides the healing *South*:
So on the *Church doors friend and froth.*
Lov'dst thou the poor, yet wert so speedy
To prosecute them, and so greedy,
To sell thy Master that was *poor and needy*?

4.

As Ice to Crystal is congeal'd,
That it nor sun nor fire can melt;
So seem our hearts and eye-balls seal'd
To hardness, that no grief is felt.
Our frost-bound hearts lie still conceal'd:
Let Love inflame, or Anger swell 't:
Yet tears can't blinde, nor watry cries
Dissolve the gelly of our eyes,
No more then rain can melt the Crystal skies.

5.

Good-woman! who esteem'd no paint
Like to a face blubber'd with tears;
All other tinctures are but faint,
But these out-wear all age and yeers.
No *Venus*-mole bespeaks a Saint,
No *beauty-spot* like these appears.

And

And as the *Moon*'s each thinner place
Shews somewhat dark, yet no disgrace:
True tears so never stain a beauteous face.

6.

For sin, hair-rending fingers ought
To be our onely crisping-pins:
Although indeed our hair 's too soft
To make a hair-cloth for our skins.
No powder is like ashes thought,
To roll our tresses in for sins.
Hair is the moisture of the brain,
And so are tears: then 't were not vain
With *Mary* here, to mix them once again.

7.

Thrice-blessed Convert! from whose breast
Christ having seven devils cast,
Left not thy bosome unpossest,
But there the spirit of Grief plac'd.
The former made thee worse then beast,
The later gave thee rest at last.
Oh were I so possess'd! these fits
Bespeak us best to b' in our wits:
No joy should chase it by removal-Writs.

8.

For *Lazarus* my outward man,
If sick, my *Mary*, Lord, can mourn;
Groan like a dove, throb like a swan,
Till thou hast rais'd him from his urn:

But for her ſelf *ſhe* now and than
Can weep, but doth her grief adjourn.
And yet we ſee, when thou doſt move
Womens devotions unto love,
Man ever doth the weaker veſſel prove.

On *Peter's* denial of his Maſter.

Matth. 26.

74 *And Peter remembred the words of Jeſus, which ſaid unto him, Before the cock crow, thou ſhalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.*

1.

WHat, *Peter*, haſt deny'd thy *Maſter*
In his diſaſter?
Couldſt not withſtand, thou eaſie *rock*,
So ſmall a ſhock?
Loos'd thy foundation from beneath,
At a maids breath?
Thou *bear a Church?* who wert thy ſelf
A ſandy ſhelf,
Till *Chriſt* t' a rock confirm'd thy gravel,
Which none could ravel.
Thee, rather then a *rock*, we ſtile,
For thy inconſtancie, A *floating Ile*.

2.

2.

Weak fisher of men! if thus caught
At a maids draught:
How wilt thou hence oppose the harms
Of *Mermaids* charms?
If thee so much this common frie
Did terrifie;
How will the huge *Leviathan*,
Or th' *Hurricane*?
How wilt withstand that *Polypheme*,
That spouts a stream
Of fury on all Christian matters,
Disturbs your rivers, and pollutes your waters?

3.

If thou wert put to such extremes
On tender streams,
How wilt thou stand it on those Seas
That know no pleas?
How wilt oppose those *Zyphia's*
And *Remora's*?
When Seas with angry windes do surge,
When tempests purge,
Unless that *Christ* arise, like that
Mount *Ararat*;
How quickly will the raging billows
Make Seas your Down-bed, and the Rocks your

4

Are all thy promiſes ſo toward
So ſoon turn'd coward!
When of thy love there ſhould be proof,
Thou ſtoodſt aloof:
And yet thy fortitude, I wote,
Was more remote.
Was all thy valour but t' attend
To ſee the end?
More fickle far then was the maid
Which thee betraid:
She not deny'd her words, while thou
Didſt *ſtart aſide like a deceitful bowe.*

5.

Look, *Peter*, look, thy Maſter 's *minion*,
How *Chriſt* they pinion,
By *Judas* treaſon, and thy fear:
He 's captiv'd here,
Whom (worſe then *Jewiſh* rage and ſcorn)
Thou haſt forſworn.
Two have bely'd him even now
By perjur'd vow:
But thou haſt him deny'd far worſe,
By oath and curſe.
Heark, heark, how ſprightly *Chanticleer*
Proclaims thee coward for thy daſtard-fear.

6.

6.

Look with what *glance* thy Saviour eyes
Thy perjuries:
Let *it* diſſolve thy frozen fears
To melting tears.
Let *Marah*-waters be alone
Thy *Helicone*;
Not *Sodom*-lake, tears groſs and thick,
But ſharp and quick.
And as the *Pontick Ocean*'s pride
Ne'er ebbes by Tide;
Let tears ne'er ebbe, but ever riſe,
Till they have got the cuſtom of thy eyes.

7.

In *Lot's wife's obelisk of ſalt*,
Go read thy fault;
And let *it* all thy moiſture ſeaſon
To tears for treaſon.
But if thy holy ſorrow luſts
For ſharper guſts,
Chriſt's vinegar and gall would fitter
Thy grief imbitter.
With ſuch intoxications whole,
Go drench thy ſoul.
Confeſs him with the *penitent thief*:
And as th' haſt freez'd for fear, go melt for grief.

8.

Good God! our weakneſs will without thee,
Not onely doubt thee,
But of thee make a flat denial,
On eaſie trial;
Nay, ſhall not onely thus deny thee,
But ſhall defie thee.
If th' *rock* could not withſtand theſe floats,
Can empty boats?
If that ſuch casks ſoon buoy'd thy *rock*,
Like ſome light block.
Can we hold out, who of our ſelves
No anch'rage have, but onely ſands and ſhelves?

On the Paſsion and Death of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt.

Zech. 12.

10 *And they ſhall look upon me whom they ve pierced, and they ſhall mourn for him, as e mourneth for his onely ſon; and ſhall be in bit-*

terneſs

terneſs for him, as one that is in bitterneſs for his firſt-born.

NOw hath bright *Phœbus*, through his heat,
Drawn up a cloud of vapours, which do three
T' obſcure his glorious face; and therefore muſter
Their pitchie beds, to ſmother up his luſter.
God long *hath rebels nouriſh'd*, who now farther,
From damn'd rebellion proceed to murther.
Could not your ſins be dy'd enough in grain,
From all the Prophets, but from ſuch a vain?
Could not the meaſure of your ſins be fill'd
In murth'ring them, except their God you kill'd?
Was this to make your *crimſon wooll*, (vile brood
To bathe the *Lamb* thus in his crimſon blood?
We do't by application, thus being done:
But meant you ſo in your intention?
Was your damnation of ſo groſs a weight,
That nought could raiſe the ſcales t' an equal height
But ſuch an act as this? O curſed ſtir!
The *Saw's in arms againſt the Carpenter.*
Was't not enough thou wert in fleſh benum'd,
But when thy yeers t' a perfect age th' hadſt ſum'd,
Bleſt *Vine*, were thy ripe grapes ſmote by the rod,
And in thy *Father's angry wine-preſs trod.*
Curs'd *Olivet!* bear, hence, no fruit nor leaf,
Nor in thy vale be cropt a fruitful ſheaf.

Unhappie mount, fatal to *Abſalon*;
To *David* once, now to his *glorious Son*,
By *Judah*'s fraud. Here *David* mourn'd and wept,
And *Jeſus* here his mourning veſper kept.
Gethſemane! may neither *dew nor rain*
Hence dy thy garden in a verdant grain:
For *Jeſſe*'s *Roſe*, pluck'd from thy teeming breſt,
Was raviſh'd hence by that *rebellious beaſt*.
Here roar'd the *Lion*; in this diſmal grove,
The *princely Eagle mourned like a dove*.
As the condoling heavens, from the skie,
Weep blood, as *Omen* of ſome *Prodigie*:
So, in his paſſion, an exceſſive heat
Forc'd th'row his bleſſed pores a bloody ſweat.
Who by his word foil'd hell, could not ſuſtain
The weight of ſin without this heavie pain.
And this proves true his moan i' th' ſacred leaves:
I am ſin-burthen'd, as a cart by ſheaves.
Here was the Lord of hoſts ſurpriz'd and taken
By Romane forces; here by 's friends forſaken.
Bleſt *Saviour!* what, couldſt thou not command
A *with'ring dryneſs on each treach'rous hand*?
Couldſt thou ſend *fire from heaven* at his clauſe,
If I' m a man of God, to plead thy cauſe,
Twice following on *the captains and their fifty*;
And of thy vengeance wert thou here ſo thrifty?
Didſt thou benight the *Syrians eyes who came*
To ſeize that Prophet, when he beg'd the ſame?

Yet did thy *Majestie* thus humbly stoop
To the surprisal of so small a Troop?
Accurſed *Judas!* had *Cham* in the flood
So guilty been of treason and of blood,
H' had drown'd the *Ark*, with all the rest. At first,
God with sterility, in part, th' earth accurſt,
For *Adam*'s sin: and could we look for less,
For thy curs'd sake, then total barrenness?
Abstract of wickedness! For if had *Cain*
His *mother* ravish'd, and his *father* slain,
Thou wert more guilty, in just balance weigh'd,
Who hast unnat'rally thy *Lord* betraid. (grudge
Wretch'd *Pilate!* what did not thy conscience
Against thy tongue, when thou condemn'st thy Judge,
Who could have doom'd thee, for thy horrid crime,
Unto the shameful Tree prepar'd for him?
But thus hath God decreed: dost thou not sentence
Thy hasty doom with a too late repentance?
Accurs'd *Jerusalem!* the bloody stage
Of wanton murther, and inconstant rage:
Fell not the just results of *Hiel*'s guilt
On *Ælius*, who so vile a town rebuilt?
You would no king but *Cæsar*: in conclusion,
Who but a *Cæsar* was your just confusion?
Accurſed *Calvary!* henceforward we
Will never curse from *Ebal*, but from thee.
May envious Mice hence gnaw thee from the Map:
For here the *Branch* was rob'd of fruit and sap.

But

But why d' I curſe? Each place a *Gerizim*,
By theſe his bleſſed pains, is made by him.
And my ſin with the Souldiers, hand in hand,
Betraid my *Saviour*, and bid him ſtand.
Mine mock'd, mine ſcourg'd him too: my ſins in groſs
Help'd, with the Jews, to nail him on the Croſs.
I know not whe'er my heart ſhould dance or bleed
At this, this ſo accurſed bleſſed deed.
O for a fancy at his ſhameful death,
To curſe and bleſs theſe actions in a breath!
I ſhould not call *good ill*, nor *evil good*;
For both are ſo, as they are underſtood.
And now, methinks, I ſee him on the Croſs:
What ſhall I deſcant? what define or gloſs?
Forgive my murth'ring Fancy; 't is no Jew,
Although it feign thee crucifi'd in view.
I 'll riſe in ſpight of their confuſed ſwarms,
And beg th' embracement of his outſtretch'd arms:
Nor will I ceaſe, till I 've that promiſe made
To me, which even now bleſt *Giſmas* had.
I 'll kiſs his lips, embrace his glorious neck;
But not unnail him fearing *Peter* 's check;
Get thee behinde me, Satan: for this favour
Doth not of heaven, but of Satan ſavour.
I 'll ſuck his crimſon wounds, till I have found
My glutton-ſoul is tinctur'd from each wound.
I 'll ſtrive t' outweep his wounds: and leſt it breed
Diſtake I bleed not too, my heart ſhall bleed.

But lo, the Sun 's eclips'd, withdraws his ray,
And all in *mourning darkneſs* clothes the day.
And durſt the ſtars to ſhine? have they endur'd
To ſee *the Star of Jacob* thus obſcur'd?
No, beauteous light (as if that now were furl'd
Heav'ns gaudy curtains) hath forſook the world,
Not with the luſtre of a *Comet* fring'd;
And th' earth, as by an earthquake, ſeems unhing'd.
At which (as frighted from that ſweet repoſe)
The *Saints* that ſlept long in their graves, aroſe:
The Temple 's veil 's rent from the top to th' roof;
For why? its *Type* is rent and pierced through.
Now is well-nigh our *Saviour* 's ſoul extorted,
His body thus by wounds and nails ſupported:
Nor was his bodies weight ſo great, as were
Our ſins, which he upon his ſoul did bear.
Hark, how his ſoul 's expired with a cry:
Whoſe ſin 's ſo great, to cauſe a God to die?
Not his: for he appeals to th' envious Jews;
Which of you can me of a ſin accuſe?
And even *Pilate, Ceſar's wicked groom,*
Did clear his inn'cence ere he clear'd his doom.
We ſin'd in the *firſt Adam*, and depriv'd
The *ſecond* of his life, all, ere we liv'd:
But gracious mercy (as *Rebekka*'s twins,
Jacob and Eſau) ſtrugled with our ſins
In the womb of Eternity; and thus
Smooth mercy did ſupplant *rough ſin* for us:

And thus the birth-right 's ours, our title 's good:
For *Chriſt* ev'n now hath ſeal'd it with his blood.
Now hath the Sun with more then common haſte
(Scarf'd in his Sphere) deſcended *Veſta*'s waſte,
And (as hence frighted) of ſuch acts as theſe
Hath carried news to the *Antipodes*.
Here for a time though we *in darkneſs grope*,
Let 's not deſpair, *as men being void of hope*:
For, ſurer then the Sun will riſe, though ſlain,
Our *Sun of righteouſneſs* will riſe again.

On the good Thief.

Luke 23.

43 *And Jeſus ſaid unto him Verily I ſay unto thee, This day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe.*

1.

WHat ſhall I gloſs,
Good *Giſmas*, on thy Croſs?
Why may it reſemble not
To the tree of *Eliah*'s Chariot?

By which,
To th' higheſt pitch
Thou ſhalt b' advanc'd of bliſs:
Thy *Jacob*'s ladder 't is,
Where Angels ſtand
At hand.
Thy Croſs is but a type how Chriſt thy ſoul
This day will fix above each pole.
O happie puniſhment,
Beyond extent!

2.

Did *Barabbas*
Know who our Saviour was,
He'd ſcorn his life: that Jewiſh favour
Would in his choice no reliſh finde, or ſavour:
But beg'd,
By Conſcience egg'd,
That he might ſpell him yet,
Their ears how would he fret?
Accuſe that throng
Of wrong?
That Chriſt's blood ſpilt ſurpaſs'd that deed of *Cain*,
'T would dye *Jeruſalem* in grain;
That they had now gone further
Than *he* in murther.

3.

Good Thief, from whence
Knew'ſt thou Chriſt? not from Senſe:

Pain's

Pain 's no reſpirer : its extremes
No reſpite gives to think on ſerious Themes.
No, 't was
The winde of grace,
Which as it breathes on men
Where it doth pleaſe : ſo when.
Which here did breath
In death :
So through a day ſo dark, that I might ſay
A ling'ring twilight 't were, no day ;
I 've ſeen the ſetting Sun
Diſplay'd anon,

4.

O happie time
Thou di'dſt now for thy crime.
So have I ſeen a neighb'ring cloud,
Th'row which the Sun ſeem'd to look beetle-brow'd,
Ere night
Sun-burnt ſo bright,
As thou by ſuff'ring neer
The *righteous Phœbus* here,
Thus grew'ſt acquainted,
Thus Sainted :
He of thy ſhame partook, thou of his glory ;
Bleſt change, beyond conceit or ſtory !
Thy Croſs each wiſe Invention
Stiles thy Aſcention.

5.

5.

Laverna now
No longer hath thy vow:
But he alone hath thy belief,
Whose inn'cence suffers with thee as a Thief.
This craft
He thee hath taught,
To rob hell of her aim,
Though Death not of her claim;
Not to redeem
esteem:
For thou giv'st Christ the praise, thy self the shame
Though *Dismas* doth blaspheme his name,
And, ev'n in death, pants
His wicked taunts.

6.

Peace, *Satan's martyr*,
Though Christ nor law nor charter
Hath broke, the Scriptures have not slumber'd,
Which have foretold that Christ must thus be numb(er'd
But if
Th' hadst been no Thief,
Christ had, t' appease their pride,
With *Barabbas* thus di'd,
In equipage
Of rage:

at now thy theft 's in grain; thou doſt contract
Blood to 't, while thou approv'ſt their act:
And while thou ſhouldſt condole,
Doſt vex his ſoul.

7.

Didſt never read?
Good thief, lift up thy head;
With th' eye of faith look, and condole
The *Brazen Serpent* on yon curſed pole.
The grief
Thou wert a Thief,
Did wound his ſoul more fierce
Then nail or ſpear can pierce.
How for thy deeds
He bleeds!
His *bloody ſweat*, ſweat through each gracious pore,
Claims but unfeigned tears, no more;
His giving up the ghoſt,
But ſighs at moſt.

8.

Thy Scripture 's, Lord,
Thy gracious Record,
That *ſhining light* which through the dark
Directs us *in our race unto that mark*,
But this
Thy paſſage is

A circumstance more ample
For precept then example:
We finde this one
Alone,
Whose late repentance Christ in death vouchsaf'd
Although thy wisdom hath me taught
This Scene not to prorogue
Till th' *Epilogue*.

On the Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Matth. 28.

5 *And the angel answered and said to the woman, Fear not: for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified.*

6 *He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.*

1.

ARiſe, my active ſoul, and run;
Keep meaſure with *yon dancing Sun*,
Who ſeems as weary of his Sphere,
As thou to be confined here:
Look, how his ſprightly beams do ſpark:
So *David* danc'd before the *Ark*.
ow he deſcends his Chariot! he, in this,
orſhips Chriſt's riſing, as the *Perſian* his.

2.

But why doth *Phœbus* mount his head
So ſoon up from *Aurora*'s bed?
The tother night, when we, my ſoul,
Our *Saviour*'s Paſſion did condole,
The frighted Sun forſook our clime
Two hours before his wonted time;
nd therefore now the ſooner gilds the heaven,
two houts time, to make his courſe up even.

3.

But how rid *Satan* and his *Legions*
In triumph th'row th' infernal Regions?
The Sp'rits which Chriſt out-caſt, did come,
With Songs of triumph on his Tomb:
All mankinde was proſcrib'd; whom death
Did in conceit to Hell bequeath.
how death gloried that all now was ſafe!
nd hell in triumph wrote his Epitaph.

4.

4.

How did the Devil Man upbraid,
That *Christ* so weakly was betraid?
And he who *took not Angels seed*,
But Abraham's, fail'd in the deed;
And by that seed spurn'd to his grave,
Whom *he* in mercy came to save.
That now the *God of life* was dead, this mirth
Had balm to cure the wounds made by *his* birth.

5.

But *Satan*, at the third days dawn,
Christ now hath re-assum'd his pawn.
Thoughtst thou on *his* t' insult, as once
Thou proudly didst for *Moses* bones?
Thy two days triumph 's like the story
Of the *Persian pris'ners glory*.
So thought the *Gazites Samson* safe, till day,
When he arose, and bore the gates away.

6.

Descend, damn'd sp'rits; as you began,
Howl on. The death of *great God Pan*,
At this *Christ* 's conquest, we may call
Your ruine; *Satans second fall*.
Come, *King of terrours*, yeeld thy *trophies*
On *Heroes*, *Souldiers*, and *Sophies*,
Unto our *Saviour*; for thou art undone;
Thy Triumph 's but an empty *Skeleton*.

7.

My ſoul, that *Chriſt* was born, nay di'd,
Did not ſo much quench *Satan* 's pride:
But when he roſe, this bleſſed morn,
Hell was confounded, *Death* forlorn.
Were 't not for what this day brings forth,
The *reſt* had loſt that ſolemn worth.
ence, on this day let no foul ſpirit dare
' aſcend the Regions of our earth or air.

8.

Lord, as by *thine* I am aſſur'd
My bodies riſe ſhall be procur'd:
So, let my ſoul feel 't here begin
Her reſurrection too from ſin.
Lord, 'tis too much ſhe 's thus confin'd:
But is ſhe buried in this kinde?
h raiſe her up: if thus thou pleaſe to do,
y heart (*my bodies Sun*) ſhall triumph too.

On the Aſcenſion of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt.

Pſal. 24.

8. *Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting doors, and the King of glory ſhall come in.*

9. *Who is the King of glory? even the Lord of hoſts he is the King of glory.*

1.

YE *bleſt immortals,*
Divide your glorious portals.
Who not dilates
The everlaſting gates,
While that the *King of glory* mounts his throne?
Though *by his own*
Here nor receiv'd nor known:
We rather worry
The *bleſſed Lamb of glory.*
Your *Wiſdom* knows him *God's eternal Son.*

2.

His work is ended,
Nought partial or ſuſpended.
Bleſt Angels too,
He purchas'd hath for you
A nature fix'd, which ſeem'd before unfiniſh'd.
And of a *worm*
Though here he took the form;
It, ſince he di'd,
Is ſo much glorifi'd,
His *Godhead* 's neither clouded nor diminiſh'd.

3.

'T is now no *Shrine*
T' *his Godhead* more divine:
His glorious fleſh
He needs not now refreſh
With food or reſt, from hunger or from labour.
And if he here
Shone on the mount ſo clear,
As if the *Sun*
With rays his coat had ſpun;
How brighter ſhines *he* now than on mount *Tabor*!

5.

Since *Chriſt* ſo clear
Shines in *his Manhood*'s Sphere,
That at its graces
Ye *Angels hide your faces*:

See in the *Trinities transparent myrrour*
How *he* 's inſtal'd,
And in *his* robes impall'd;
How he 's renown'd,
And by *his Father* crown'd
With *gracious Majeſtie*, and awful terrour.

5.

At his return,
The *Pearlie gates do burn*;
Jeruſalem
Shines with each kinde of Gem;
The *new Jeruſalem* with glory burniſht:
Nought here is built
With ſuperficial gilt;
But all in gold
The Citie is inrol'd;
All thus againſt *his* bleſt *Aſcention* furniſht.

6.

Of *Precious ſtones*
Are her foundations;
Her Pearlie ſtreets
Do brandiſh beaming ſheets,
Reflecting from the *Lamb* 's moſt glorious face.
Here 's conſtant noon,
No need of Sun or Moon:
Our glim'ring *Globe*,
Deck'd in his azur'd robe,
Here an Eclipſe were to the loweſt *Grace*.

7.

How are we bleſt!
That have ſo ſweet a reſt
Got by the care
Of ſuch a *Harbinger*,
Who all things can command, all conſummate.
The way to heaven
He hath made plain and even;
And what with thorns
Was choak'd, his grace adorns
With roſe-beds, & makes wide heav'ns *narrow gate*.

8.

As *Olivet*,
Some ſay, retains as yet
Thy foot 's laſt print,
That nought can cloſe the dint:
Grave on my ſtupid ſoul (Lord) this days love,
Ev'n at the mention
Of this thy bleſt aſcention:
Let her aſpire,
Like an excentrick fire,
To *thee* her Centre that art fix'd above.

On Chriſt his Seſſion at the right hand of God.

Mark 16.

19 *So then, after the Lord had ſpoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and ſate on the right hand of God.*

1.

How well the throne
Becomes *God's holy One!*
How fit the Rod
Beſeems the hand of God!
How meet the Crown
Befits *him!* 't is his own.
How well, meet, fit, his Throne, Rod, Diadem,
Deck *him* with glory; but *he* much more *them.*

2.

We wiſh *Good luck*
To *thee* with theſe: go pluck
Hell by the root;
Make *it* quake at thy foot:

To right thy Spouſe,
Damn Death t' a *Charnel-houſe.*
Good luck have with thy right. Oh how we bleſs
Thee and *thy Father*, for *thy* good ſucceſs!

3.

With how ſweet bliſs
Do Grace and Glory kiſs!
So Light and Heat
We ſee in *Phœbus* met.
By theſe 't is known
Thou not uſurpſt thine own.
Good luck have with thy right: we willingly
Submit unto thy yoke of Liberty.

4.

We, if we might,
Would not ſupplant thy right;
But yeeld as well,
As if nor heav'n nor hell
Should crown or damn
With endleſs bliſs or ſhame.
Our *better Natures* will this juſt embrace;
Nor can we other by *inſtinct of Grace.*

5.

Satan, as heir,
Long kept his *ſteely* Chair;
Nay, yet uſurps
The unregen'rate corps:

But when Christ claim'd
His right, how was all maim'd?
Our blessed *Gyant having run his course,*
Now on the heavens rides, as on a horse.

6.

On man's agreeing
With Hell, sin had its being;
And by this blot,
Death had her essence got.
Should *Christ* these things
Suffer as *fellow-Kings?*
No, if they stir in us while here we breath,
They 're the last pangs but of a dying Death.

7.

But how large Scenes
Hath this *Christ*'s act? What means
He to prorogue
His wished *Epilogue?*
And not concludes
Without more *Interludes?*
Is not th' earths harvest ripe? hath it so dull
In sinning been? *yet are the Fats not full?*

8.

Hell, Sin, and Death,
Which yet too strongly breath,
Seem to blaspheme,
As if they were *Supreme,*

Or their pow'r here,
Some *Interregnum* were.
Lord, 'tis long ſince, long, ſince thy promiſe ſpake,
Theſe days I'll ſhorten, for my choſen's ſake.

On Chriſt's Interceſſion with the Father for us.

Heb. 7.

25 *Wherefore he is able to ſave them to the uttermoſt, that come unto God by him; ſeeing he ever liveth to make interceſſion for them.*

1.

NOr is our *Saviour* ſo much given
Into the *contemplation of himſelf*,
That *he* forgets us now in heaven,
As, once, prophanely thought *that glutton elfe*
But having travers'd hence *his* journey,
He ſtill remembers us amidſt *his* glory;
He ſtill remains our bleſt *Attorney*,

Whereof the leaſt act, on our true repentance,
Is able to reverſe the ſtrongeſt ſentence.

2.

Hence, then, let 's Fortune fear, nor Fate,
Or what blear-ey'd *Star-gazers* can rehearſe;
Becauſe we have an *Advocate*,
Who can each *ominous preſage* reverſe.
Let *Satan* never hence appeal
To heaven, in his wonted *Dialect*,
Leſt he be doom'd by *Chriſt* his zeal,
As who would make his Death of none effect;
And aim'd to hinder him, leſt he inherit
The dear-bought purchaſe which his death did (merit.

3.

But if he dare us to attaint,
He 'll ſtrait be ſilenc'd at *Chriſt* 's counter-ſuit,
As daring to accuſe a Saint
To whom *Chriſt* will his righteouſneſs impute.
You then, whoſe troubled ſouls do languiſh
In pining ſorrow for your ſins and follies,
Baniſh your fears, and calm your anguiſh;
Exult, and vent your joy in ſprightly vollies:
Go, ſee *him* with your tears, & leave the tryal
To *him* alone, whoſe Suit ne'er found denial.

4.

If *Artaxerxes* took ſo kinde
A handful but of water from a Peaſant,

Pre

Preſent thy tears, and thou ſhalt finde
More gracious acceptance of that preſent.
And if thy ſins ſo thick ſhould croud,
To fill heav'ns ears with a condemning matter,
And ſtand between you like a cloud,
Which not the windes of all thy ſighs can ſcatter;
By him that ſable cloud ſhall be diſſolv'd,
Wherein the *Sun of glory* ſeem'd involv'd.

5.

In vain let *Satan* henceforth wander,
Like to a baſe accuſing *Ottacus*,
As daring to inform by ſlander
Him that 's all ear and eye, concerning us:
Thus let us then foreſtal his malice;
Accuſe our ſelves; let not that ſeem uncouth:
Who will not ſo, with Juſtice dallies:
But ſo we do his office, ſtop his mouth.
Our Caſe thus op'ned, if *Chriſt* intercede,
What envious boldneſs dares againſt us plead?

6.

What means that *Man of ſin*, that rallies
The *Saints* as *Chriſt's corrivals* in this *Function*?
And if they were ſo neer his *allies*,
How was it purchaſed? when was their Unction?
True, with him are the *Saints* co-heirs;
But *Chriſt* did purchaſe it, and them elected:
And they to whom now *Rome* repairs,
If *Saints*, now by *him* reign, ſo here expected.

He

He is our *elder Brother*, and he ſure
Enjoys his right of primogeniture.

7.

Then have our hands tranſgreſs'd the warrant
Of heav'ns Laws ? *Chriſt pleads his hands bor'*
Or have our devious feet been errant? *(through*
He pleads *his piere'd*, by a ſufficient proof.
Or if our hearts have Ill invented,
Chriſt pleads *his* for us by the Souldier pierc'd ;
All was on *him* by ſtripes indented :
He ſues the Fine of all on him amerc'd. (rack'd
In *him* our ſins were ſcourg'd, bor'd, nail'd, and
Nor will *his Father* them again exact.

8.

Our ſins but whiſper to that cry
Which *his* wounds make; the ſorrow & compunctio
Of *his* perplexed Agony ;
Nay, with our ſins if hell howl'd in conjunction.
Our thanks he *graciouſly perfumes* ;
Our ſupplications with odours balms ;
Sweetens with myrrhe repentant rheums ;
With incenſe ſanctifies our vows and alms.
Bleſt be *thy Father*, and that ſacred Unction,
That did conſigne *thee* to this bleſſed Function.

O

On Chriſt his final coming to Judgment.

Revel. 5.

12 *And the Sun became black as ſackcloth of*
air, and the moon became as blood.
13 *And the ſtars of heaven fell unto the*
rth, even as a fig-tree caſteth her untimely
gs, when ſhe is ſhaken of a mighty winde.
14 *And the heaven departed as a ſcroll when*
it is rolled together, and every mountain and
and were moved out of their places.

1.

NOr here our *Saviour* concludes
His act: theſe are *his Interludes*:
The eye of faith in theſe *he* asks,
As being an *Interview* of Masks.
But he upon a *flaming ſtage*,
In an *Angelick equipage*;
ow comes in perſon at the day of Audit.
hen troops of angels ſhall trump forth his plau-
dit.

2.

2.

When righteousnes and equitie
The pillars of his Seat shall be;
The elements together mixt,
And the two Poles of th' world unfixt:
Whose *Genius* shall feel that story
Of the imagin'd *Purgatory*,
When wild Disorder, and amaz'd Confusion,
Shall be the Whifflers to a sad conclusion?

3.

But, Lord, how long wilt thou defer
To hear! Wilt still our hopes deter?
How long that *Quære* wilt suspend,
Whether the world shall have an end?
Come, let thy judgement and thy mercy
Finish at length that Controversie.
Come, come away, our panting hearts are drumm
At thy approach, and yet thou seem'st not coming

4.

Haste, Lord, descend, thy Saints to *gather*,
And to resigne them to thy Father.
What wilt thou lose by that thy tender?
'T is no surprisal or surrender:
Thou 'lt be the *King of glory* still:
For who dares to oppose thy will?
Safe in *thy Eden* grows the *tree of life:*
Thou now not doubtst of *Adam*, or his wife.

5.

But ſtay, my ſoul; what, canſt thou meet
Thy *Judge* with clean prepared feet?
Art thou not naked, or art cloth'd
As one to ſuch a Lord betroth'd?
If ſo, go meet thy coming Groom;
Thy wedding-day 's the day of Doom.
ut, Lord, we build, wed, feaſt; we vaunt and jet,
s't were but now thou ſaidſt, *But th'end's not yet.*

6.

As morning-light precedes the Sun,
Let grace thy glory here fore-run:
For glory never there will come,
Where grace hath not prepar'd the room.
Give grace, Lord, and with that, the ſinew
Of ſtrength and vigour to continue.
hou haſt been ἄλφα, and begun to do;
ut ſeem'ſt ὁ μικρὸν· be ὦ μέγα too.

7.

O let not Hell upbraid thy power,
As *his* that *'gan to build that tower*
He could not end. Finiſh at length
My *Citadel* with mighty ſtrength.
Yet, faith and hope faint; joys are ſory,
Till grace be ſwallow'd up of glory.
s grace, like *Orphah*, leaves me when I die;
et *Ruth*-like glory fill my *Naomi.*

8.

8.

Bleſt God, I know we ought to pray,
Thy kingdom come, each day by day;
And ſhould thy coming damn us all,
We durſt but it a mercy call.
Thy time, dread Lord, 's the beſt; and thou
Long-ſuff'ring art, of old and now.
O let thy grace make way for glory; then
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done. Amen.

On the Joys of heaven after the da of Judgment.

---

2 Cor. 2.

9 *Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neith have entred into the heart of man, the thing which God hath prepared for them that lov him.*

1.

GHeſs now the Scenes of ev'ry age
Upon one Stage

Re-acted, and all ſhifted clean,
Both Stage and Scene;
Each hath his pay, and wafted home,
With *Go* or *Come*;
To act a better part, or worſe,
With bliſs or curſe.
Both play'd have to my Fancies eye,
A *Tragi-Comi-Comi-Tragedy.*

2.

As heav'n *Aſtronomy* confines
To *Zones* and *Lines*;
And with conceited *Poles* ſupports
The azure Courts;
And th'row its fancied *Zodiack*,
Can *Titan* track;
And takes heav'ns length and breadth, if bid,
As th' Angel did:
Their *Jacob's ſtaff* no leſs can do,
Then if they had got *Jacob's ladder too.*

3.

Yet all this ſerves but to advance
Gilt *Ignorance:*
So heav'ns joys by blinde devotions
Are cloath'd in notions,
Which onely gild our *Neſcience*
With ſeeming ſence.
Them we are forc'd to gheſs by pleaſures,
And earthly treaſures:

Since

Since though the *Turkish Alcharon*
Describes their *Par'dise*, ours can be by none.

4.

But could our *Merlins*, by discerning
And *Lynx*-ey'd learning,
Who can the starry *Alphabet*
In language set;
And though the clouds should blot their book,
Can th'row them look:
Could they define the blessed mansions
B'yond these expansions;
I 'd love their Art: *Divinity*
Should then be *handmaid* to *Astronomy*.

5.

As on their *Babel* of Conceit
They mount heav'ns height:
So, though its beauty and dimension
Befools Invention,
Transcends the *Zenith* of all mancie
Of Art and Fancie;
Yet since *that* faculty of soul
Doth more inroll
Then 's seen or heard, we ghess those joys,
Though far above our knowledge, wish, or choice.

6.

To call them *Riches*, were not high,
But beggerly:

To call them *Honours*, were a vile
Inglorious ſtile:
To call them *Pleaſures*, were a groſs
And tedious gloſs.
Theſe *Joys* by *myriads* of pitches
Exceed *ſuch Riches*:
Though by ſuch names the *bleſſed Spirit*
deſcribes thoſe joys which now the *Saints* inherit.

7.

Since no man th' heavens ever knew,
By *Art* or view;
Though ſome the *Stars* boaſt to deſcribe,
By *name* and tribe:
As if when firſt the heavens were,
They had been there,
And knew them *all* as well as *he*,
His ſilver skie.
Not knowing *theſe*, ſo plain and even,
ho can define the non-apparent heaven?

8.

Lord, ſince more then I can conceive,
I muſt believe;
And far beyond my *Fancies* ſcope,
I ſtill muſt hope:
Grant, what 's conceived by my youth
Agree with truth:

And whatsoever doth out-stretch
My Fancies reach,
She at *forbidden fruit* not glance,
But flag her wing in humble *Ignorance*.

On the Torments of Hell.

Luke 16.

22 *And it came to pass that the begger died and was buried and was carried by the angels into Abrahams bosom. The rich man also died, and was buried.*

23 *And in hell he lift up his eyes being in torments, and sees Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.*

24 *And he cried, and said, Father Abraham have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue: for I am tormented in this flame.*

1.

POor souls! whom endless flames do scorch,
Since that the earth flam'd like a *pendant Torch*;

Since

Since at the *Trumpets final ſound*,
Our *Jericho*'s high walls fell flat to ground,
And all was burnt: What Verſe hath tones
Sufficient to accent forth your groans?

2.

Should all the *Poets* adde each *Fury*,
And of the *Muſes* Nine make up a *Jury*,
And beg their Verdict to define
Hell's miſeries; they muſt the Suit decline,
Should they exhauſt their *Helicon*,
And theſe ſhould drain their *Styx* and *Acharon*.

3.

Let Wit excite her fruitleſs ſtrife,
To limn Eternal Death unto the Life,
And in a Synod call the *Quire*
Of *Arts*, all ſerved but to paint a fire;
Fire which but makes the brain to ſweat,
As void of true deſcription, as of heat.

4.

Reader, let thy *Orpheus-like Fancie*
Deſcend to Hell in ſome conceited *Maney*,
And with brisk *Nectar* oil the mouth
Of tortur'd *Dives*, which is parch'd with drouth;
All he could ſay how *Furies* wreak
Their rage, would be, *I know not what to ſpeak*.

5.

Ætna's to this an idle tapor,
Veſuvius a thin incenſed vapor;

Or as the *Pyramids*, whose spires
Mount onely in proportion'd shapes of fires:
No fire to these is worth a name;
Even *Sodom* 's but the shadow of this flame.

6.

And what need *Poets* feign a *Styx*
Or *Acharon*, since floods of tears here mix
Into a Sea, which wildly lurks
In darkness, and confused water-works;
Which all *Hydrography* no better
Can quote, then *Xerxes* th' *Hellespont* could fetter.

7.

But cannot *Dives* from *These* drench
His thirst-parch'd mouth, and burning liver quench?
No: fire and water here are both
One element, which flaming streams do froth:
Both having purg'd the world so gross,
Meet in Hell 's furnace, to consume the dross.

8.

Lord, since Hell 's pains exceed conceit,
Each gloss on them 's a naked counterfeit:
Our Fancies still have some remorse;
Let us the worst imagine, still 't is worse.
If heavens joys can't draw me home,
Let these true terrors fright me till I come.

The ſecond Part.

On ſeveral occaſions, and ſeveral texts of Scripture.

Pſal. 119.

37 *O turn away mine eyes, leſt they behold vanity.*

1.

LOrd, what 's a Beauty! but a paint, at moſt,
Which with a breath's gone, 't is ſo vainly gloſt.
What beauty's dy'd ſo deep in grain, that dolour,
Or age, or ſickneſs, cannot blaſt its colour?
Since there 's within 't no principle to nouriſh
Its verdant vigour to a conſtant flouriſh,
Lord, let me think 't but a more ſpecious worm,
And wink its beauty to an *Antick* form.

2.

Lord, what 's a beauty! in it could I ſee
The *Image* which I loſt in loſing thee,
I 'd court, and gaze, till through mine eyes that face
Reprinted on my ſoul that former grace.
Here 's no ſuch form: although indeed ſome few
Think that in it we may *thy footſteps view.*
What's beauty then, for which we ſo much brawl
But fleſh tranſparent th'row a ſmoother cawl?

3.

Lord, what 's a Beauty? Did a more divine
Saint dwell within 't, I would adore the ſhrine;
My captiv'd heart with zealous love ſhould boil;
I 'd count each beauty as this beauty 's foil.
But ſince the ſoul, the better part, is tainted,
Can th' outward part be free? muſt that be Sainted
What 's beauty then, if it be void of grace?
Thy *Philip's Blackmore* had the fairer face.

4.

Lord, what 's a Beauty! our fair *Grannam Eve*
Soon prov'd a ſtrong *Suadela*, to deceive.
This treach'rous *White & Red* hath bred more wa
Then they did once 'twixt *York* and *Lancaſter*.
Lord, let me think thoſe eyes by th' wanton Muſe
Stil'd Stars, are *Ignes fatui*, to ſeduce:
Thoſe Coral-lips, my credit would explode;
Theſe Yv'ry teeth, my good report corrode.

5. Lo

5.

Lord, what's the world! Thou didst not mean, I ghess,
Th' worlds for Impostures, either great or less;
Nor mean'st the lesser, whom thou mad'st compleater,
Should be at all seduced by the greater.
Yet as they represent each others parts,
The greater too hath its delusive Arts.
Since then they're objects both to tempt mine eyes,
O turn them from beholding vanities.

6.

Lord, what 's the world? 't is but a turning Globe,
Which whirls us now on high, then lowe as *Job*;
Or a tost'd ship, whose now-aspiring Mast
Seems for to boar the clouds, then back doth cast
Her tolling passengers, to seek a Tomb
In some vast Sea-shell, or some fishes womb.
Then what's the world? a bubble 'tis at most;
With winde 'tis onely full, with winde 'tis tost.

7.

Lord, what's the world? I will not wish me blinde,
Because mine eyes thus tempt me; though I finde
A grave *one bid one, of one eye bereft, *Bp. *Hall.*
Not t' weep that loss, but that one yet was left:
Nor will mistake thee, when thou bidst not doubt.
If that mine eye offend, to pluck it out.
Lord, turn away mine eyes: all 's one to me,
If so thou dost, as if I did not see.

8.

Lord, what 's the world ? indeed the heav'ns aray'd
Are in thy Livery ; we see display'd
In them thy *glorious Coat* ; they each night story
In *Starry characters* their *Makers* glory.
But since a fly, worm, or the meaneſt elf,
If animate, excels the world it ſelf;
Why then 's the world by noble man thus held
In ſuch eſteem, that is by ſuch excell'd ?

The Author's *Epainicron* to God, for his Recovery from a ſharp Fever.

Pſal. 118.

18 *The Lord hath chaſtened and corrected me ſore : but he hath not given me over unto death.*

Iſai. 38.

18 *For the grave cannot praiſe thee ; death cannot celebrate thee : they that go down to the pit, cannot hope for thy truth.*

19. *The living, the living, he ſhall praiſe thee, as I do this day.*

Lord,

1.

THough Scripture ſay,
A thouſand yeers one day
Are unto thee; yet muſt I think again,
To thee appears
Each day a thouſand yeers,
Till I thee thank for freedom from my pain.

2.

Late I was ſick;
'Twere vain with Launcet's prick
To vent my blood corrupted too too long:
I look'd for death,
As he that lay beneath
A threatning ſword which by a thred was hung.

3.

The active ſtrife
For hope or help of life,
Now fail'd me quite. And while the Doctor lingers,
How did I feel
A haſtie Death to ceel
My falling eye-lids with her Ycie fingers?

4.

The quick reſults
Within my fev'riſh Pulſe,
The minutes were by which the hours I counted;
Wherein delay'd
The tarder Doctors ayd:
So hours to days, and days to weeks amounted.

5. To

5.

To hold me home,
My laſt *Viaticum*
Was tender'd, to ſuſtain me in my journey:
Nor was I mute
For to preſent my ſute
To th' mediation of my *ſweet Attorney.*

6.

Life's influence,
Scar'd from my outward ſence,
Now to my hearts *Metropolis* was gone;
And in this ſtrait,
My ready ſoul did wait
With nimble wing for diſſolution.

7.

But like a *brand*
Pluck'd by thy gracious hand,
I have eſcap'd the burning unconſum'd:
Though death by Fever
Did rage as bad as ever.
Caldee's King on the *furnac'd children* fum'd.

8.

But as they, freed,
With one conſent agreed
To praiſe thee for thy kindneſs and thy love:
So let me praiſe
Thy mercy all my days;
So ſhall this mercy not my judgement prove.

Tem

Temptation.

Ephes. 6.

14 *Stand fast therefore, having your loyns girt about with truth, and having on the breſt-plate of righteouſneſs,*

15 *And your feet ſhod with the preparation of the Goſpel of peace.*

16 *Above all, taking the ſhield of faith, whereby ye ſhall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.*

17 *And take the helmet of ſalvation, and the ſword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.*

1.

NOr was with Death my combat ſuch,
But now I 'm tempted all ſo much;
So that me thinks my Senſes halt
'Twixt two; which was the worſt aſſault:
Unleſs thou, Lord, who conquer'dſt Death,
And lately crown'dſt me with that wreath;
As thou haſt vanquiſh'd Hell too, I 'm undone,
Unleſs thou finiſh what thou haſt begun.

2. Is't

2.

Is 't not enough, by the siniſter
Temptations of her *whiſp'ring ſiſter*
My ſoul 's ſeduc'd, with frailty cloath'd;
And to infirmity betroth'd;
That th' eaſie ſoul by fleſh is tempted,
Nor night, nor day, nor place exempted;
As if in ſlights ſhe did the Devil ape,
And meant them no temptations, but a rape?

3.

Is 't not enough, that by the fraud
Of Hell, that makes the World her *Baud*,
I 'm by the World ſeduc'd; and Senſe
Wooes, not reſiſts its influence;
Whoſe very bleſſings are but Baits,
As if th' air breath'd nought but deceits:
So that we all might breathe our mourning thus;
Falſe world, Impoſture is thy Genius?

4.

But are we ſubject to the darts
Of helliſh Fiends, which ſeize our hearts,
Like ſubtil Lightning 's fierce inqueſts,
Which melts the gold within the cheſts?
As if they aim'd t' uſurp thy part,
Who onely know'ſt and try'ſt the heart;
Into whoſe Cloſets they themſelves convey,
Unleſs thou, Lord, vouchſafe to keep the key.

5.

Lord, gird my loyns with truth, and dreſs
Me i' th' breſt-plate of righteouſneſs;
Let my feet be prepar'd, (my God)
And with the peaceful Goſpel ſhod:
Shield me with faith, (the chiefeſt Spell)
To quench the firy darts of hell:
Daign th' helmet of ſalvation, and the ſword
Of thy bleſt Spirit, Lord, *which is thy Word.*

6.

But I no more can wear this armour,
Then thy Delight and *Judah's Par'mour*
Could ſtout *Saul's* againſt *him* of *Gath*;
For ſuch too are *Hell's* arms and wrath:
Nor can no more foyl with thy Word,
Then could that *Turk* with *Caſtriot's* ſword:
'm weak and ignorant; 't is thou alone
Muſt teach me both to fight, and put it on.

7.

But where 's this Armour to be found?
No *Cyclops* frame it under ground.
He hopes in vain to win the field,
Who fights againſt Hell with Hell's ſhield:
Such Armours are but empty ſhrouds,
As thin and airy as the clouds.
Thou, who wilt crown our conqueſt, doſt impale
Our ſouls with theſe Arms, from thy *Arſenal.*

7. Then

8.

Then if thou ſtor'ſt me with theſe Arms,
My ſoul ſhall need no other Charms;
If thou with theſe my ſpirit furniſh,
They'll fright Hell with their very burniſh;
Nor doubt I leſt Hells arrows points
Should wound me th'row theſe armors joints
I then might ſend that anſwer, *Let him ſcoff,*
And boaſt at laſt, that puts his armour off.

Pſal. 62.

9 *As for the children of men, they are but vain; the children of men are deceitful upon the weights: they are altogether lighter then vanity it ſelf.*

1.

DRead Lord! w'are all too light: the empty ſcale
Towards heav'n mounts with a complaining tale
The over-balanc'd one on *Orcus* knocks,
As if it means to rend the brazen locks
That priſon vengeance; and it preſſeth deep,
As if it thought Deſtruction were aſleep.

2.

2.

If thus our Case with dreadful Justice stand,
How shall we scape her tother armed hand?
Think we God is not with our ways acquainted,
And *Justice*'s Sword no sharper then 't is painted?
The Lion's painted fiercer then he is:
But deeming *Justice* so, we judge amiss.

3.

Thus stands our Case: but if thy Mercy buoys
Th' o'er-balanc'd Scale in even counterpoize,
Then may we pass good, with a grain or two
Of thy dear blood, as oft light Pieces do:
And then if *Justice* should be most extreme,
We should o'er-weigh with a declining beam.

4.

But since Sin 's heavie too, how can agree
In truth this various *levi-gravity*?
Unless it be, that weighty things we sleight,
And over-value things of slender weight.
Thus Scriptures justly their complaints may levy:
In weighty things w' are light, in light things heavy

5.

But shouldst thou weigh us as w' are in our selves,
Vain as Inconstancie, and light as Elves;
Mightst thou not by the breath of thy displeasure,
Breath into nought at all our empty measure? (hand,
And mightst *Belshazzar*'s doom with that same
Not onely on our walls, but foreheads brand?

6. Dread

6.

Dread Lord, the beſt are *as the ſmalled duſt*
Within the balance: ſo thy Truth diſcuſt:
How can we then expect but to miſcarry,
Weigh'd with the *Shekel of thy Sanctuary?*
Such, angry *Juſtice* ſoon to hell proſcribes,
Who hath quick eyes to judg, tho' none for bribes.

7.

If could our Churls with Gold, our airy Gallants,
With all their Glories, raiſe the ſtooping balance;
In ſheets of Gold I'd clothe me; never check
At Honours Lure, but ſtill obey its beck:
But Gold is vain, and Honour light; and they,
The more they 're lin'd with theſe, the leſs they (weigh.

8.

Thus ſhouldſt thou weigh what man amiſs hath don;
What man could ſtand it, but thy *onely Son?*
Who was weigh'd in man's balance of deceit,
That we might be found of ſufficient weight;
Who was out-weigh'd by *thirty pence*, that we
Might ſo paſs currant in thy *Treaſury.*

Eccleſ.

Eccles. 5.

11 *When goods increase, they are increased that eat them: and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?*

GO, Worldlings, set your eye-lids on the rack;
Gaze on your wealth, until your eye-strings
With too intensive views, all your delight (crack.
May weary, but ne'er satisfie your sight;
No, though the windows of your eyes were glaz'd
With Multiplying-glasses while you gaz'd.
You that adore your heaps with admiration,
As doth *Astronomy a Constellation*;
And if with th' heav'ns you in love do joyn,
'T is 'cause they 're of the colour with your Coyn:
Go hug your selves in your belov'd condition;
You onely have in *use*, I in *fruition*
These gifts of Fortune: Vertue may indeed
Them be without; but you do stand in need
Amidst your wealth; neither can you boast more
Of being rich, then I of being poor.

Now can my ſoul mount freely with her wings,
Not with the baggage clog'd of earthly things.
Here parents may, by undeſerv'd removes,
Deveſt us of our birth-right, and their loves:
So that all duty can't induce their minde,
No, not to ſhare their ſtore by *Gavel-kinde*;
So leaving grief and poverty their portion,
As if their firſt-born were but an abortion.
There *Satan*'s Vouchers can nor diſ-inherit,
Nor *Juſtice* cauſe divorce, where *Chriſt*'s my merit.
As falſe, as ſad, is that concluſion, (gone.
That thinks Gods bleſſing 's with a birth-right
Come, worldlings, come, who wiſh to have no
Of your ſalvation, but *Achan*'s wedge; (pledge
I 'll ſhew you wealth, to which your gold is droſs,
And all your Gallants bravery but moſs.
Within yon glorious curtains thou mayſt finde
A Carkanet of Jewels is enſhrin'd.
Aſcend, and tell me if a Pearl ere ſhone
In equal luſtre with yon *Jaſper-ſtone.*
The Jewels of a *Monarch*'s Crown, the coſt
Wherewith of old were *Aaron*'s Robes imboſt,
Were childiſh ſhells to theſe, true *Midas* diſhes,
Which do but choak the owner with his wiſhes.
There 's the true *Topaz*, *Iacinth*, and *Beryl*;
What Jewel not? which thou without the peril
Of *coveting* mayſt luſt for: there 's a *Mine*,
Which onely if thou wilt deſire, is thine.

'T is

'T is not *Idolatry* to be thus greedy,
But *Piety: thrice-bleſſed are ſuch needy.*
Why doſt thou ſtartle at this wealthy tender,
Which Thieves can't rob, nor Fortune cauſe ſurrender?

Prov. 28.
13. *He that covereth his ſin, ſhall not proſper.*

1.

COver our ſins!
Sees not bright *Phoſper*
Falſe *Weights* and *Hins*;
And can they proſper?
Sin may, like a falſe *Nun*,
Cloyſter'd in darkneſs lie:
It may avoid the Sun,
Not God 's revenging eye.
Some, yet, to cloathe their naked ſin,
With *Eve* and *Adam* ſowe fig-leaves;
And one to hide his Vices in,
Such webs as doth the Spider, weaves.
But if could fooliſh ſin avail to cover
The skies with theſe imaginary clouds;
Would not a quick-ey'd pendant veng'ance hover,
To rend and pierce their artificial ſhrouds?

2.

Cover our ſins
From God? From him
What wings or fins
Can flie or ſwim?
We *Wizards* need, nor *Weirds*,
No torturing extremes:
Truths Vouchers, flocks or herds,
Or *walls will be, or beams.*
What Medium 's ſo groſs, t' exclude
God, who 's all, whe'er in earth or skie?
Who 's in ſo cloſe a Parlour mew'd,
To ſhun his ſight, who is all eye?
What darkneſs, but the God of light can ſcatter?
His ſearching *winde* doth enter ev'ry cranny.
Juſtice puts off her Vizor, though ſome flatter,
'T is at wilde aim if that her ſword ſmite any.

3.

Cover our ſins!
Since puniſhment
And vice are twins,
Though different.
Wrath takes ſin by the heel,
As *Jacob Eſau* once;
And makes it fall or kneel
T' hell, or repentant groans.

No

No eager hoof, or flipp'ry keel,
Can ſin to ſafe *Aſylums* bear;
Though hid within a winding eel,
Or in evaſions couch'd it were.
Let 's not in private dare an evil fact,
Leſt with a *Cockatrices* killing eye,
God make his Seeing and Revenge one act:
No time or place knew long immunity.

4.

Cover our ſins!
Sees *Iſr'el*'s keeper
Onely the skin,
And ſees no deeper?
Ere done, he ſees our deeds;
Much more when they are done:
He ſees them in their ſeeds;
Much more when they are grown.
If we could hide us in the air,
Heav'n is God's molten Looking-glaſs:
Should we for ſafety t' hell repair,
Hell hath nor covering nor caſe.
But if we ſo much luſt to lurk and hide,
Let 's take *Aſylum in thoſe bleſt five clifts*
Of that great Rock; let 's neſtle in his ſide:
Let us his *Prieſthood* feed upon theſe *fifts*.

Psal. 60.

2 *Thou hast moved the land, and divided it: heal the sores thereof, for it shaketh.*

1.

TH'ast mov'd us, Lord; our troubled times resemble
An earth-quake best: for so we quake & tremble.
The lofty fabricks of our beauteous *Isles*
Now lie confus'd, and heap'd in ru'nous piles.
Lord, thou hast mov'd us, as *corn-fields we finde*
Decline their knotty stems before the winde.

2.

Yet thou canst move worse then by Civil wars;
When thou shalt move the world, when *fixed starrs*
Like Autumn-leaves shall from the heavens drop,
When the feign'd *Poles* shall fail to under-prop
Their massie weight: yet Lord, now, let thy love
And mercy move us, ere thy pow'r thus move.

3. Lord

3.

Lord, thou haſt mov'd our land; it moved hath
Been by the breath of thy provoked wrath,
Worſe then that wind that would diſpeople th'woods,
And make proud Maſts to kiſs the angry floods:
Yet ſince thy breath can kindle coals worſe far
Then thoſe of *Juniper*, untouch'd we are.

4.

Our land 's a broken bone, by Diſcord burſt;
Which timely ſet, may prove as ſtrong as firſt;
But if delay'd until a Gangrene ſeize it,
What art can cure it, or what hand can eaſe it?
When man's help fails, thou only canſt complete it:
None but thy hand, that broke the bone, can ſet it.

5.

W' are ſick; *no part in or 'twixt th' head or foot,*
But is diſeas'd, ſick both in branch and root:
But ſince moſt Doctors, while they cure, exhauſt
The moiſture radical, and ſpirits waſt;
Let 's unto him, whoſe wiſdom knows at length
To cure the wound, yet not t' impair the ſtrength.

6.

My heart bleeds, Lord, to think our *Nation hath*
So few to ſtand betwixt us and thy wrath:
Our ſins ſo hainous might moſt juſtly *ſhame*
The mouth of Mercy for to plead our name;
And *Juſtice* ſeems to plead, at *Mercy* vext,
Bold Mercy ceaſe thy chat, my turn is next.

7.

How groſs is Nature 's ſin, that thus can move,
As here on earth, ſo war in heav'n above ?
Sets God againſt himſelf, can raiſe diſputes
Betwixt his juſt and gracious Attributes.
Will not the angry heav'ns the world impeach
As true occaſioners of this their breach?

8.

But *thou*, who both in one haſt reconcil'd,
That *Mercy* ſate content, ſtern *Juſtice* ſmil'd;
On thee the weight of all our ſins was laid:
Oh do not us again with them upbraid.
Thou raz'dſt not the partition-wall in vain:
Oh do not ſuffer 't to be built again.

On the Spring.

MY Senſe is raviſh'd, when I ſee
This happie Seaſons *Jubilee.*
What ſhall I term it? a new birth,
The reſurrection of the earth,
Which hath been buried, we know,
In a cold Winding-ſheet of ſnow.
The Winters breath had pav'd all o'er
With Cryſtal Marble th' world 's great floor:

But now the earth is livery'd
In verdant ſuits, by *April* dy'd;
And, in deſpight of *Boreas* ſpleen,
Deck'd with a more accompliſh'd green.
The gaudy Primroſe long ſince hath
Diſclos'd her beauty by each path.
The floods, as freez'd for Chariot-proof,
Were planch'd o'er with a Cryſtal roof:
Now in their chanels ſweetly glide,
As *Nyle*, when they his banks divide.
The trees rob'd of their leafie pride,
With moſſie frize had cloath'd each ſide;
Whoſe hoary beards ſeem'd to preſage
To blooming youth their winters age:
But now invite to come and lie
Under their quilted *Canopie*.
Blithe *Damon*, like a jolly man,
Long ſince unto the mountains ran,
Where quietly he ſits to pipe,
Whereat his lambs do ſeem to skip;
Then running to their dams, they tug,
With pleaſant ſpeed, the ſwelling dug.
Anon, let 's to yon hawthorn ſteal,
And hearken how ſweet *Philomele*
Grieves not ſo much at *Tereus* crime,
As joys to ſee the Summer 's prime.
How to the Spring the whiſtling Thruſh
His Sonnets ſings on ev'ry buſh!

The Sun late ſquinted from the skye,
And look'd on us with half an eye:
But now with glad and golden chear
Phlegon mounts up our Hemiſphere.
Our blood 's mild, as if by ſome art
W' had ſuck'd ſome new-born infant 's heart.
In brief, quaint Nature ſeems here nice
In type to ſhadow *Paradice*.
Lord, all things bud, and ſhall I davour
Without the ſunſhine of thy favour?
VVilt never prime? haſt paſs'd a doom,
That ſeaſon never more ſhall bloom?
Inflict not on me ſuch a dearth,
A greater curſe then on the earth.
If did my ſin in *Tereus* ſhape
Act on thy *Philomel* a rape;
My ſoul like *Progne* ſhall be juſt,
And on his brats revenge his luſt.
Let *Primroſe-like* Repentance riſe,
Dew'd by the *April* of mine eyes:
Then will I not doubt but next thou
VVilt make each grace in order blow.

Pſal. 22.

9 *But thou art he that took me out of my mothers womb: thou waſt my hope, when I hanged yet on my mothers breſts.*

10 *I have been left unto thee ever ſince I was born: thou art my God, even from my mothers womb.*

1.

LOrd, when the *Oſtrich* leaves her forlorn eggs,
Nor ey'd nor watch'd,
They by the ſand are hatch'd:
The young ſoon uſe their wing-born leggs,
And for themſelves with eager ſpeed can prey:
But Lord, thou foundſt me in worſe caſe then they.

2.

The *Halcyon* can promiſe on the flood,
That South nor North
Rage, till ſhe have brought forth
Among the waves her ſea-born brood:
But I was ſent, young, far on ſea and land,
But found thus good to me nor ſea nor ſand.

3.

I was caſt forth, like an *expoſed Elf*,
As ſoon as born,
Moſt wretched and forlorn;
Until thou took'ſt me up thy ſelf.
As if my Parents knew no other debt,
They ow'd their childe, but onely to beget.

4.

Like *Moſes*, young, expoſed to the floods,
Where I might weep
To the remorſleſs deep:
Left ſince, like *Iſhm'el*, to the woods
Of this uncertain world, where I aſide
Might wander, if thou hadſt not been my guide.

5.

And as the earth (held by thy ſecret hand)
Hangs in the air;
There is no thred or hair
Supports the ſmalleſt duſt or grain of ſand:
So while ſome wonder how it is they fall,
To me 't is ſtrange, *Lord*, how I ſtand at all.

6.

Bleſt God, that *took'ſt me from my mothers womb*,
My heritance
Here, is not worth a glance;
In length and breadth all but a Tomb:
For as th' haſt wean'd me ever ſince my birth,
So ſtill th' haſt wean'd me from my mother earth.

7. Yet

7.

Yet though my friends have thruſt me from my right,
As from their neſt
The Eagles do deveſt
Theirs who can't dare the ſun by ſight:
Yet this is ſtill my glory, in all things,
Th' haſt born me th'row, *as 't were on Eagles wings.*

8.

Wealth is no needful adjunct unto grace.
If riches are
The true undoubted ſtayre
That lead to glory, *Jacob* 's caſe,
In purchaſing his bleſſing, were but poor:
For he liv'd mean, while *Eſau* ſwell'd with ſtore.

9.

The bleſſing ſtood not in the promis'd land
So much indeed,
As in the promis'd Seed
Bequeath'd by *Iſaac* 's bleſſing hand.
God 's right-hand-bleſſing 's ſeldom clods of earth,
But ſuch as fear invaſion, plagues, nor dearth.

10.

Yet here each birth-right 's not a *Type* of heaven,
As *Canaan* was
T' *Abraham* 's ſeed; but as
Th' earth 's curs'd oft, as a curſe 't is giv'n:
But ſeldom (for w' are oft deceiv'd in gheſſing)
The *Earneſt* or th' *Appendix* of a bleſſing.

12. Lord,

12.

Lord, be't all as thy wiſdom hath decreed,
Since *th' art my portion*,
I fear no ſuch extortion;
I paſs by all, and bid *God ſpeed*.
Let them go view their *Landskips*, while that I
Do with a better birth-right pleaſe mine eye.

Job 7.

20 *I have ſinned; what ſhall I do unto thee O thou preſerver of men?*

1.

Lord, I have ſin'd: O weighty words! what more
Could Hell, if it repentant were, deplore?
It could but ſay, VVe merit thus to die:
Ev'n ſo do I confeſs, ev'n ſo have I.
Yet though my ſins do bear an equal bulk
VVith ſome of Hell's, unequal is our mulct.

2.

Lord, I have ſin'd; to tell how much, there wants
A ſea of Ink, as many Pens as plants

Grow on the teeming earth; and ſheets as large
As are the heavens, to contain the Charge:
As many *Items* to the Charge amount,
VVhich none but thy *Arithmetick* can count.

3.

Lord, I have ſin'd: what ſhall I ſay? O brief
Yet full expreſſion of ſin and grief!
Thus humble *Penitents* vent much in little;
VVhile *Phariſees* yet vent their frothy ſpittle
In ſelf-applauſe. But in my grief this clauſe
I 'll onely vent, and then ſit down and pauſe.

4.

Lord, I have ſin'd; when not? in life and function:
VVhat time or age can plead a free diſ-junction?
Not childhood: for ſin ſoon outgrew that age,
And prov'd a Graduate in my Pupillage:
So that I juſtly may lament, that *ſin*
And I were born unſeparable twin.

5.

Lord, I have ſin'd: Nay, ſleep, that locks my ſence,
Can hardly bar that bold intruder thence:
Corruption ſtill her centinel doth keep;
What Lullabee can rock her watch aſleep?
Poets may feign at will; but ſhe nor weighs
Dull *Morpheus* nor his bunch of leaden keys.

6.

Lord, I have ſin'd: but if I once were clear,
When wheels about that ſame *Platonick* yeer?

That

That I might hope, when my (now-tainted) duty
Might innocent appear in perfect beauty.
O for that *Anniverſe*, to ſet me free;
Hence would I fetch my bleſſed *Epoche*.

7.

Lord, I have ſin'd: but were I free, where 's found
That happie and no leſs then holy ground?
O might I know the place, there would I raiſe
And dedicate a *Temple* to thy praiſe.
But thy bleſt winde, that breathes at liſt his grace
Can breathe his *Zephyres* here in ev'ry place.

8.

Lord, I have ſin'd: and for my *Irritavies*
If thou ſhouldſt not vouchſafe me true *Peccavies*,
I ſtill ſhould ſin: let others uſe their mind,
My *El'gies* burthen ſtill ſhall be, *I've ſin'd.*
And ſince I can't weep for each ſin; till death,
I've ſin'd ſhould be the burthen of each breath.

Mat

Mark 7.

21 *For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murthers,*

22 *Thefts, covetouſneſs, wickedneſs, deceit, laſciviouſneſs, an evil eye, blaſphemy, pride, fooliſhneſs.*

1.

IF could ſome *Delius* with divided hands
Sound the Seas depth, and on his ſouls recorder
Imprint the wracks, huge rocks, and heaps of ſands,
Which there lie ſcatter'd in confus'd diſorder:
This could he do, by Natures 's ſtrength or art,
Yet none could ſound the bottom of the heart.

2.

Should ſome *Ship-maſter* make 's *fore-ſplit* the (Probe
Of Nature 's ſecrets, and ſo bring to view
Land to make up a perfect earthly Globe,
Which *Drake* nor *Kit Columbus* never knew:
Yet, as in the great world, ſo in his own,
He muſt confeſs there 's yet much land unknown.

3.

The heart's a Sea for depth, like *Sodom-lake*,
Dead, thick, & grosse; in it will sink no good: (make
Th' hearts land's unknown; wherein what monsters
Their hides and dens, few yet have understood.
The centre may be purest earth; yet th' heart
The bodies centre's the corrupter part.

4.

Our heart-strings are the cords of vanity;
Their caverns are the devil's lurking-holes;
No fit *Triangle* for the *Trinity*;
An habitation more fit for moles:
Their cauls the veils of damn'd *Hypocrisie*.
Thus is sum'd up man's wretched *Majestie*.

5.

If thus the *Sun* within our firmament
Into a Meteor degenerate;
If thus the King within our continent
Let's sin and lust usurp his Royal state:
If thus corrupted be the bodies leaven,
How shall we manchets be prepar'd for heaven?

6.

Whe'er Hell be in th' earth's centre, I suspend;
But in man's centre's couch'd an Hell of sin:
Nor do so many lines to th' centre tend,
As in a wicked heart fiends make their Inne:
Which yet most know no more, then can be found
Where *Arethusa* windes beneath the ground.

7. Lord,

7.

Lord, ſhew me in the Mirrour of thy Law
The horrour of my heart by bright reflection:
In that thy Glaſs, there falſhood is nor flaw:
Though wickedly ſome ſcorn its true direction,
And whip the *Tutor* for his *diſcipline*;
Yet Lord direct me by that Glaſs of thine.

8.

Oh daign my heart with graces to perfume,
And th'rowly purge it from each noiſome vapor,
Whoſe rank infection choaks each neighb'ring room,
And ſtrives to damp my ſoul's aſpiring tapor.
O make my heart-ſtrings, Lord, thy cords of love;
So mine according to thy heart ſhall prove.

1 Pet. 4.

18. *If the righteous ſcarcely be ſaved, where ſhall the ungodly and the ſinner appear?*

1.

IS then with fraud
The way to heaven ſtraw'd?
And is it granted that our race
Is ſcattered with *caltraps* ev'ry pace?

Which if but trod on, pierce us to the ankles;
And more, no wound they give, but rankles:
So that it seems a venter
At all to enter.
The way to heav'n 's not dam'd with trifling burs,
But block'd and barricado'd with demurs.

2.

The world 's no less
Than a vast wilderness;
Whence if heav'ns guides lead us not home,
Officious hell will seem to lend us some:
His fiery pillar of false joy he grants,
His cloudy one of Ignorance.
But to these who confides
To be his guides,
Is straightway swallow'd in some dang'rous gulf,
Or prey'd by sin, as by some bear or wolf.

3.

Who look well in 't,
The world 's a *Labyrinth*;
At each whose Maze who ever touch'd,
But found that damned *Minotaur* lay couch'd;
Who takes each yeelding for a firm contract,
And proudly will each grace exact,
Till he have all deflowr'd,
And all devour'd.
Let not thy *Theseus* Lord, be too remiss:
My soul, my *Ariadne*, shall be his.

4.

Is then each path
All thus ſcatter'd with wrath?
We hop'd, amongſt the *Jewiſh* ſcorns, (thorns;
Chriſt from theſe ways had fetch'd his crown of
And from theſe Turn-pikes and theſe armed Rails,
Had daign'd to take his Croſs and Nails;
And hence had fetch'd that dart
Which pierc'd his heart;
And triumph'd had in conqueſt of theſe ſpoils,
And purg'd his high-way of theſe ſnares and toils.

5.

W' are not withſtood
By eaſie fleſh and blood;
But *Satan* with our weakneſs wreſtles,
The Prince of th' air which in our Region neſtles:
Nay we with theſe, like *Gibellines and Guelves*,
Do ſide and fight againſt our ſelves;
Fraud 's Convoy, and Deceit
Th' Inne where we bait.
Though Chriſt have bought us heaven, without doubt
We both muſt ſue for it, and fight it out.

6.

No *Saint* nor *Martyr*
Can boaſt of other Charter;
All at this Croſs have Inn'd, as well
As *Chriſt* that went that way to heav'n by hell.
Vertue 's a narrow mean betwixt two Vices;
On each hand are deep precipices: Le 's

Let's take (if guide we lack)
That bloody track
Which iſſu'd from that *bleſſed Roe*'s five wounds,
When pierc'd and purſu'd by the Jewiſh hounds.

7.

It can't be wav'd,
The righteous ſcarce are ſav'd:
Shall not the wicked then be ſwallow'd
Up in the mire wherein they thus have wallow'd?
If trouble ever do attend on grace,
Shall peace wait on a wicked caſe?
If ſcarce be ſav'd the juſt,
Shall pride and luſt?
If thus the caſe ſtood with that *verdant tree*,
How ſhall the ſtubble and the chaff go free?

8.

In ſack and down
All thoughts of hell they drown:
Ev'n ſo th' Hart ends the controverſie,
When he, purſu'd, flies to the Hunter's mercy.
Ev'n ſo the Sparrow, by the Falcon chas'd,
Did to the *Stoick*'s boſome haſte.
Each path with pleaſure 's pav'd,
With beauty grav'd,
Until that footing fails them ere they think;
Oh then how quickly into hell they ſink!

Grief for not grieving.

Pſal. 126.

6 They that ſow in tears, ſhall reap in joy.

7 He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good ſeed, ſhall doubtleſs come again with joy, and bring his ſheaves with him.

1.

IF ever any thing be heard or ſeen
That might provoke or raiſe my jocund ſpleen;
How could I wiſh my lungs were made of buff,
For claſps to hold me till I 've laugh'd enough?
But godly grief cannot one tear extort;
As if my ſenſes all were made for ſport.

2.

Have I ſuſtain'd a trivial loſs? how apt
My active ſenſes are for to be rapt
To th' higheſt ſtrain of paſſion? I can gloſs,
Heav'n never could impoſe a greater croſs.
My floodgate-ſenſe can ſtand wide ope at thoſe;
But godly grief 's againſt the ſtream; they cloſe.

3.

If that I hear Death 's univerſal doom
Hath on my friend to execution come;
Methinks then had I at his funeral
All *Argus* eyes, I could ſupply them all:
But when one tells me what a *Lethargie*
Hath ſeiz'd my ſoul, I can nor moan nor cry.

4.

If little bigger then an *atome* fall
Into my eye, it ſmarts, though ne'er ſo ſmall:
But what 's an *atome* to a *mountain*? ſuch-
Like ſins I bear, yet ſtart not half ſo much.
Why have I not within, through conſcience,
A ſenſe of pain, as outward pain of ſenſe?

5.

If that the clouds ſome foggie miſts have ſuck'd,
They 'll ſhow'r them back; what can their courſe ob-
The Moon by tides doth purg the frothy main; (ſtruct?
The poiſon'd Spring doth clear it ſelf again:
Yet I 'm ſin-tainted, and what motions urge me
Unto repentance, that ſhould clear and purge me?

6.

Were I to live the old *Methus'lem* 's yeers
A living Conduit of inceſſant tears,
I could not vie a tear for ev'ry ſin;
So vain and fooliſh all my youth hath bin.
Yet th' earth to bear our villanies may groan;
But I am dead and ſenſleſs of mine own.

7.

My Conſcience, Lord, though I it light eſteem,
Doth with a ſecret iſſue cloſely teem:
Oh let her pregnant womb be now diſcloſed,
Till that diſeaſe or age have incompoſed
My ſenſe. I now ſhould court it as my friend,
Which then, perhaps, may prove my foe i' th' end.

8.

Lord, wound me, or I die: for I, although
My caſe be deadly, am not ſick enough:
O let me know I 'm taken in Death 's jaw,
Till I am quite digeſted in her maw.
For if my Conſcience, like a *Lethargie*,
Stir not till th' hour of death, I ſadly die.

Epheſ. 4.

30 *Grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are ſealed unto the day of redemption.*

1.

GRieve not the *Spirit!* can it be believ'd
The *Spirit* can be griev'd?
Thought we God, void of paſſion, could be vext,
Except we ſaw this text?

When

When Christ indeed was heres in flesh confin'd,
He wept and griev'd we finde;
But thought we that a *Dove* which hath no gall
Could once be griev'd, at all?
Oh I should groan 't, not measur 't in an Ode;
Sin grieves the holy Spirit of my God.

2.

Who would resist that sacred *Dove* that pecks
The conscience with checks?
Who would resist that *Dove* that *helps to grone*
In an accepted tone?
Who would resist that *Dove* whose harmless beak
Instructs us how to speak?
Who would resist that *Dove* whose in'cent feet
Shew to walk as is meet?
Let not this Dove back to the Ark, and grieve
That we on earth will none of him receive.

3.

Here let him bring his Olive-leaf and rest,
And nestle in our brest.
O! never let us at *his* gracious billing
Once shew our selves unwilling,
Until we new *begotten are, and breed*
Through his eternal seed.
O! let us never hence resist this *Dove*,
This blessed Bird of love.
This *Dove* at *Mahomets* ear never bill'd,
Though so he faign the *Alcharon* instill'd.

4. Think

4.

Think we, becauſe ſome ſay, *Doves* have no gall,
God's vengeance feign'd at all,
That we thus with his *Spirit* dare to dally,
As with our Friend or *Ally?*
Such wanton cruelty to *Chriſt* we dealt
When he among us dwelt;
Such entertainment he whiles here receiv'd,
When he among us griev'd:
VVe could him to no other Inne bequeath,
But to his Grave; and to no Hoaſt, but Death.

5.

But let not ſin uſurp us; but the *Spirit*,
His right in us inherit:
And ſince *he* made the heart, let none abridge
Him of that priviledge.
O let not ſin be Porter ſtill, which mocks
His ſweet, his Patient knocks.
Delay, *like that falſe Brother, cries, I go,*
But means no leſs then ſo.
VVho but a begger for a ſlender pittance,
VVould with ſuch patience dance for an admittance?

6.

O let us open, leſt his wrath break through!
VVe are not thunder-proof:
O let us open to his calls! ſuch knocks
Ev'n might awake deaf rocks:
VVho might (enamour'd on his gracious gifts)
Divide their flinty clifts, Leſt

Leſt he appear next in a Vulture 's ſhape,
T' act on our ſouls a rape:
Leſt with *his* lightning *he* our bodies harrow,
Incinerate our bones, and drink our marrow.

7.

Lord, I am dull; O let thy *Spirit* pierce
Way for a quick commerce.
'T is wholeſome *Phyſick*, Lord, to be ſoul-ſick;
Health, to be pierc'd at quick.
When ere thou com'ſt, I 'm either gone from home
Or thou before I come:
Next, if deny'd, break th' houſe, 't is thine, and I
Allow the *Burglary*;
And let thy *holy winde*, with quick inqueſt,
Enter, and raiſe his Earthquakes in my breſt.

8.

Then purge thy Temple; let my fleſh ev'n long:
O give each pore a tongue,
To cry, *Come bleſſed Spirit:* let each mouth
Breathe, *Riſe, O North, come South*;
Breathe on thy Spices, breathe, leſt that thy garden,
Not blow'd, or dew'd on, harden,
Like to that *quondam-Nurſery* of thine,
Once-fruitful *Paleſtine*.
Thus by thy grace refreſh'd, in thy good time,
It flouriſh may, like *Eden* in its prime.

Pſal. 63.

4 *For thy loving kindneſs is better then life ſelf.*

1.

Better then life it ſelf! what's life? what blindneſs
Prefers his life before thy loving kindneſs?
Were life poſſeſt of all that feigned bliſs
The *Alcoran* can promiſe after *this*;
Yet what were all theſe joys? what guſt or favor
Had all theſe pleaſures yet, without thy favor?

2.

Could man re-purchaſe, by ſome unknown price,
His ancient Mannor, real *Paradice*:
Should he be re-ſaluted, The ſole Lord,
And *ſeiſin* giv'n him by that *flaming ſword*:
Could Man have all theſe joys, what were 't to be
At peace with Creatures, and at war with Thee?

3.

Should man be with that *choſen veſſel* rapt
Up into heav'n, and there in glories wrapt:
Should he with ſuch a holy violence
As was *Elijah* once, be wafted hence: (it
Could man have theſe, without thy love what were
To what *Elijah* and bleſt *Paul* inherit?

4. If

4.

If the wings of our time of life did flag
Nothing below the age of crow or ſtag;
If in man's body fitly did condenſe,
An equal temper of the elements:
Yet what were life, without *thine* from above?
Or breath, without the *breathings* of thy love?

5.

Life is a *noble thing*, by God 't was breath'd;
A jewel to man's carkanet bequeath'd,
To cheriſh 't by inſtinct is all our ſtrife,
All good 's included in the Name of *Life*
Yet if thy gracious *Spirit* not revive,
We but dead, and onely ſeem to live.

6.

True, a live dog exceeds a lion dead;
But a dead dog excells a life that 's led.
Without thy favour, without thy direction:
Thy breath in us corrupts by ſins infection.
Without thy love, each creature's both our Foe,
And all enjoyments turn to bitter woe.

7.

Except our money with thy ſtamp be coyn'd,
Except our friendſhip with thy love be joyn'd,
Except thy *marrow* do our diſh imbelliſh,
Except our wine do favour of thy reliſh;
Our money, friendſhip, all our wine and food,
Not currant is, not true, not ſweet, not good.

8. De

8.

Dear God! without thy love all creatures may
Match me; I live and am, and ſo are they:
No difference, without thy quickning preſence,
There is 'twixt me, and unbelieving peaſants.
If here thy love bear witneſs of thy choice,
I in thy loving kindneſs ſhall rejoyce.

2 Pet. 3.

10. *But the day of the Lord ſhall come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens ſhall paſs away with great noiſe, and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat; the earth alſo, and the works that are therein, ſhall be burnt up.*

11. *Seeing then, that all theſe things ſhall be diſſolved, what manner of perſons ought we to be in all holy converſation and godlineſs?*

12. *Looking for and haſting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens, being on fire, ſhall be diſſolved, and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat.*

1. Thus

1.

Thus learn'd,
Let 's be fore-warn'd;
And thus aſtoniſh'd,
In time let 's be admoniſh'd.
In vain our brains we pump,
To tell the terrours of that trump:
Cloud-rending thunders are but ſoft,
Quiet as night, and ſilent as a thought;
Or as the noiſleſs *muſick* of the Spheres,
To this ſound that ſhall deaf our ears.
No vapours bellowing from the ground
At all are like this ſound.
And if that Trump ſhall make
The dead t' awake;
Where ſhall it drive
Th' alive?
If ſhall the ſenſleſs graves and th' earth obey,
Shall we not quake and tremble worſe then they?

2.

I wonder,
If that the Thunder
Makes beaſts to flee
For ſafety to ſome tree:
Let 's think then with what terrour
Shall that loud *Trump* wake ſin and errour!
How do we tremble if we meet
The eager flaſhes of a lightning ſheet?

How do we wiſh to quench a burning City,
If poſſible, with tears of pitie?
If with our fev'riſh friend we fry
In hearty ſympathy;
How ſhall we melt as faſt
As th' heavens waſt;
When I and you
Shall view
The heavens to diſſolve, the skies to ſwelter,
And ſtars in melting elements to welter,

3.

We count,
At *Sinai*'s mount,
When God propounded
The Law, all were confounded:
God's thunder-rhetorick
With lightning flaſh'd, made Nature ſick:
Sinai like ſome *Veſuvius* ſeem'd; (teem'd,
Its trembling womb with conſtant earth-quakes
As if the feigned *Cyclops* there were under,
And there did forge and frame their thunder:
His Law God with ſuch terrour ſpake,
It made the juſt to quake:
How will he then impeach
His ſtatutes breach!
And ſin how ſtrict
Convict?

Shall they not feel those terrours of the Law,
Which they at *Sinai* onely heard and saw?

4.

The torrid
Zone 's not so horrid
As some do feign;
Nor is the dog-stars reign:
Our wits foment more fuel
Then Nature gave; they 're not so cruel:
But who hath so his thoughts indulg'd,
To think these flames less then they are divulg'd,
May fear to be cast from this burning frame,
Into an everlasting flame,
'Mong those contemners of that Prophet
Who did denounce that *Tophet*,
Whereon a forc'd belief,
Shame, pain, and grief,
Shall without end
Attend:
Where sighs shall serve but to blow up the flame,
And tears the oil, which shall foment the fame.

5.

And thus
We now discuss,
The world of old
By *Noah* was foretold;
And as they at his *Ark*,
Some at our preparations bark:
The *Atheist* 's ready to ask whether

Our *Chriſt* and *Mahomet* will come together;
Since both have been expected long, t' inveſt
Theirs in a *Paradiſe* of reſt.
There 's none but both upbraids and pities
Wretch'd *Sodom* and her Cities:
Ev'n they were thus ſurpris'd,
When unadvis'd
They reck'ned not
Juſt *Lot*.
And who knows *Sodom* 's fate, but counteth it
Th' world 's future in a leſſer volume writ?

6.

But gheſs
To what diſtreſs
Was th' old world brought,
Beyond conceit or thought,
When void of Ark or Boat,
They ſaw juſt *Noah's Ark* afloat!
Gheſs one upon a rock that ſnores, (ſhores;
While the wild Sea hath drown'd all neighb'ring
Anon awaking, caſts his frighted eyes
Upon a ſhip which ſcorns his cries;
Now looks each minute for ſome wave,
To waft him to his grave:
Such even was their fate,
When they too late,
Like *Pharaoh*'s hoſt,
Were loſt.

And now what saving knowledge will dissever
From serious thoughts, that dropsie and this fever?

7.

Oh how
Methinks I now
See that day dawn,
Tombs split, and graves to yawn!
Methinks I hear no noise,
But seems to accent forth *that voice*.
Some have let loose the Torrid Zone;
The skie 's one fiery element alone;
Th' earths veins and minerals run in one stream,
At th' heavens all-dissolving beam:
All waters (as those that did drench
Divine *Elijah* 's trench)
The fire doth seem to sup,
And swallow up.
What flames display
The day!
Now let nor *Dædalus* trust to his wing,
Nor *Gyges* walk invisibly in 's Ring.

8.

This wee
May all foresee:
Hear we not *rumours*
Of war, revenge, and humours?
As if we would th' earth 's fall

With

With flames of rage and luſt foreſtal:
Some ſtars are fallen, and long ſince,
That they were flaſhie Meteors convince.
The fixed ſtars ſeem Planets, and, God knows,
Meet in conjunction but t'oppoſe:
They who did pillars ſeem, and props,
Prov'd *Egypts* reeds t'our hopes.
And if theſe are not ſignes
How th'world declines.
I to juſt Zeal
Appeal.
Our Goſpels ſun in darkneſs hath been urn'd,
And into blood the Moon our Church been turn'd.

9.

What men
Should we be then?
How faithful we
In meaſure and degree!
How watchful, wiſe, and wary;
He that comes, will come, and not tarry.
How ought we now to heav'n exhale
Our timely ſighs in a repentant gale?
How ought we now, againſt this day of fears,
Gods bottle fill with mourning tears?
That in this day, when air nor pool
Shall not refreſh nor cool;
When waters ſhall not drench,

And much leſs quench,
Nor ought refreſh
Our fleſh:
We may be cheared by that *North and South*,
Which ſhall refreſh our ſcorchings, cool our drouth.

10.

Dread God,
This *Period*
Cannot be far;
Though thou wilt ſend no ſtar
Before thee now, as when
Thou didſt at firſt to thoſe *Wiſe-men*:
Yet Wiſe-men now, with eyes as ſteady,
View in the eaſt thy ſtar there fix'd already.
O ſend thy *Spirit*, by a privie Seſſion,
T' arraign and ſentence each tranſgreſſion:
Let 's now condemn our ſelves, that we
May then b' abſolv'd by thee.
O let 's now for each fault
Our hearts aſſault;
Our ſelves contemn,
Condemn:
Then ſhall that flame our joyful *Boneſire* be,
And that *Trump* ſound our happie *Jubilee*.

On

On the death of that worthy ingenious
GENTLEMAN,

John Ayshford Esq;

Who departed this life, *May* 19. 54.

AND art thou dead? nor can Religion raise
Thy body as immortal as thy praise?
Neither can quick'ning Vertue, as a signe
Thou lov'dst her, chuse thy body for her shrine?
My grief 's too dull; I 'd in a serious plea
'Twixt Grief and Reason, melt into a Sea.
Come, in a weeping cloud let 's mix our tears,
Till they through his drop, as through *Rispah*'s herse,
And as *Romes* Emperour by a remote
Kinde of excess, made ships in wine to float;
Let 's make our friends chest swim in pious Brine,
And riot more in tears, then he in wine.
Could after-ages know thee, with what flashes
Of love and praise would Wit adore thy ashes!
How would they for thy sacred dust explore,
As greedily as some for golden Ore!
How would they seek thy bones, (as some of old
Did *Scanderbeg*'s) t' enamel them in gold!

All

All in remembrance that the time was, when
Thou liv'dst the Jewel and *delight of men*.
Youth could not wish society more sweet,
Nor graver age, more solid and discreet:
As fervent in Religion as any,
Yet knew no difference 'twixt Zeal and Zany.
A Gentleman, yet learned; rich, yet free,
Not out of lust, but liberality.
Poor Truth hath lost a shoulder of support,
And innocence an arm for to retort
Her injuries: the poor, the lame, the dim,
Have lost a hand, a foot, an eye in him.
What can I more? w' have lost, by this remove,
A head of counsel, and a heart of love.
Reader, didst know how worth? I need not borrow
Terms to perswade thee, then, to raise thy sorrow:
But if thou knew'st him not, or liv'dst remote,
I'm sure th' hast cause to weep thou knew'st him not.

Sic flevit

Daniel Cudmore.

FINIS.

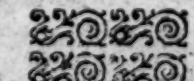
M. Tullii Ciceronis

ORATIONUM SELECTARUM *LIBER,*

Editus in usum Scholarum Hollandiæ & West-Frisiæ:

EX DECRETO

Illustriss. D.D. Ordinum ejusdem Provinciæ.

Samuel  *Roswell.*
1694.

LONDINI,

Impensis *T. Bassett, R. Chiswell, S. Smith, B. Walford, Al. Wotton,* & *G. Conyers.*
1694.